

THE
Island Queens :
Or, The Death of
MARY,
Queen of Scotland.
A
TRAGEDY.

Publish'd only in Defence of the Author and the
Play, against some mistaken Censures, occa-
sion'd by its being prohibited the Stage.

*Vis Confili expers mole ruit sua,
Vim temperatam Dii quoque provebunt
In majus; iidem odere Vires
Omne nefas Animo moventes.*

Horace Lib. 3. Ode 3.

By J O. B A N K S.

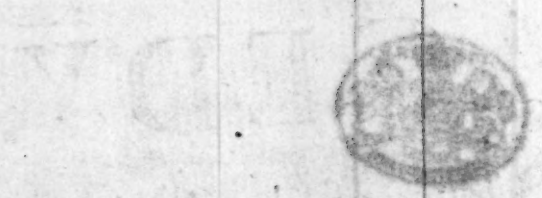
L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Bentley, in Russel Street, in Covent-
Garden, 1684.

THE
GREAT
QUESTIONS

ALFRED
R. Y.

OF THE
COTTON



THE
COTTON
QUESTIONS

THE
COTTON
QUESTIONS

Printed for
R. B. B. in
London

To the Illustrious Princess,

MARY,
DUTCHESS OF
NORFOLK.

Madam,

THIS Tragedy of Queen *Mary*, tho' forbidden the Stage, has acted its Part almost as publick; particularly, your Grace has been acquainted with its Misfortune, having done It the Honour to peruse it in Sheets, and because your Noble Father the Earl of *Peterborough* (whose Name I shall never mention without my greatest Zeal and Respect) has vouchsafed me the Charity, to protect it against it's Enemies, and to stand betwixt his Royal Highness and them; the worst of which, and indeed the only Persons in their Stations, to do me such an Injury, I have cause to believe, were they that took the same Course, and with as much Reason, to silence the Play of the Earl of *Essex*, which was the first that got Them and Theirs Money and Reputation. I present it to your Grace, with those few Alterations which his Royal Highness, the best of Judges, was pleas'd to mark with his own Hand, and I shou'd not have presum'd to put it in Print, without following those most judicious Amendments, with which He was pleas'd to consent to the Acting of it; till the same evil Spirits, by themselves, or others (for I have heard, it has been protested, This Play shou'd never be Acted, if they cou'd hinder it) in contradiction to his Royal Highness's Pleasure; be-
A cause

The Epistle Dedicatory.

cause it was in Favour to Me, incens'd the King with a wrong Interpretation of the Scenes, or of the Story; tho', I make no doubt, but his most Sacred Majesty, by your Graces Means, when he considers what a penetrating Loss it has been to an unfortunate and faithful Subject, and shall look on it in Print, but he will soon perceive the Loyalty of the Writing, and be of the same Opinion with his Royal Brother, in permitting it to be Acted. And now, Madam, after I have told my own pitiful Tale, I am afraid to approach your Grace, lest it should be thought Design in me, as most Dedications to Persons of your high Rank are branded with, and that Flattery is the side-Wind or Byas that carries them, tho' about, the surest Way to their Aim; but I am of Opinion, and the Thought of it, has embolden'd Me, that it is Prophaneness, to think Nobility and Graces like Yours, are of that Allay, which either can, or will be flatter'd; for who dares imagine, when I am to speak to the Dutches of Norfolk (the next of Quality to the Royal Family, in the three Kingdoms) that I can say enough of her admired Character? You are joyn'd by Heaven, to a Prince, who is the true Inheritor of all the Virtues and Greatness, as well as the Blood of that Illustrious Duke, the Hero in the Play; to say more, in whose Praise, is to repeat his Character, that I have fill'd all the Scenes with; I will only add this observation; Never Man was more brave, nor more unfortunate, unhappy, that he dy'd for his Loyalty, his Truth, and succouring the distrest, and happy that he will have the Glory of it to Eternity; but to complete his Joys, looks down from Heaven, and sees You in his Princely Off-springs Arms, a Reward, that only can exceed his Injuries; since from those chaste Embraces, he hopes will proceed a Race of Successors, that will make the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the noblest and best of Houses flourish, whilst the Stars shine, or the World lasts. You are such an early Patroness of Wit, that like young *Alexander*, you travell'd o're, and conquer'd all that rare World, sooner, and in a lesser time, than others have learn'd their Mother Tongue, as if it were inspir'd, not study'd; and as Heaven, tho' it be Heaven, wou'd not be admir'd, nor perspicuous to Mens Eyes, unless the Sun were in it, to attract the Sight; so the Divine Power has given you so many excellent Beauties to adorn your other Parts, that whosoever sees so glorious a Fabrick without, may be sure to find a richer Furniture within; You are the only Person too, who having so large a Portion of both, yet envy not the Enjoyment of them in others. Hail then Monarchs of Wit and Beauty! (For all that have, or pretend to either, are your Subjects) be pleas'd to accept of this Poem, it is your Tribute, and though it be mean, 'tis like the poor Womans Mite, It is my All, and best of Essays in this Kind; yet, were it sure to survive as many years as *Homers* Works, your Graces Name prefixt, will be the only Soul that's moving in it, or can make the Pages deathless. I dare say no more, for fear I shou'd commit more Faults, but humbly beg leave to withdraw as Pilgrims from their Shrine, to make a zealous and constant Repetition of this to my self in private, with my Prayers for your eternal Happiness, which shall ever be the Theme and Wishes of,
Madam,

Your Graces most Humble,

Most Devoted, and

Most Obedient Servant,

John Banks

Persons Represented.

Queen Elizabeth.

Queen Mary.

Duke of Norfolk.

Morton, Regent of Scotland.

Cecil.

Davison.

Young Dowglas.

Gifford.

SCENE,
LONDON.

I

MARY,

Queen of Scotland.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Cecil, Davison.

Cecil. **R**emember *Davison*, how much thou ow'st ;
(For thou hast Wit, and Honour to be faithful,
As well as to be great) first to thy Mistress,
Then to my self, who took thee from thy Lowness,
And plac'd thee on this Height, whence to look down,
Men but appear like Birds or Insects to thee.
Remember too thou now art in a Sphere,
Where Princes to their Favours set no bounds,
And their Rewards, tho' large and bottomless,
Yet States men have no Meen 'twixt those and ruine :
For when Kings Eyes are like the Sun withdrawn,
Darkness and Scorn surround them on a suddain,
And straight, as *Lucifer* from Heav'n was thrown,
In thunder they're precipitated down.

Dav. Wifest, and Justest that in Courts e're dwelt !
Great Oracle of *Britain* ! Prince of States men !

B

Whom

Mary, Queen of Scotland.

Whom Men nor Angels scarce can praise enough ;
Not divine *Plato* ever Spoke like You,
Plato on whose sweet lips the Muses sung,
And Bees distill'd their Honey in his Cradle.

Cec. No more. 'Tis worse than Death for me to hear
A fawning Cringer, or submissive Praiser.
I should suspect thee, did I not believe
Thou art as far beyond a Sycophant,
As I above the reach of Flattery.
Thou art my Equal now ; nay, more my, Friend,
Thou art an honest Man of Parts, a Compound
That I have chos'n 'mongst the Race of Men
To make a Phoenix in the Court.

Dev. The sacred Hoast of Heav'n, the Guard of Kings,
Still place such men about her Royal Person.

Cec. But now especially she needs their Aid,
Now when the madness of the Nation's grown
To such a height, 'tis to be fear'd — Death walks
In Masquerade, in strange and many shapes ;
The Court, that was the Planet that shou'd guide us,
Is grown into Rebellion with it self ;
Fears, Jealousies, and Factions crowd her Stage ;
Two Queens, the like was never seen before,
By different sides maintain each others Right ;
Our Virgin Constellation shines but dim,
Whilst *Mary, Scotlands Queen*, that Northern Star,
Tho' in a Prison, darts her Rival Light.

Dev. The Champions of her Faction are not few ;
Men of great Birth and Titles plead her Cause,
And daily urge the Queen for her Release ;
'Mongst whom, the gallant Duke of *Norfolk's* chief,
A Prince that has no equal in his Fame ;
A Man of Power and int'rest to be fear'd
For his own sake, as well as for the Queen's ;
For shou'd h'ingage himself too deep in this,
England might chance to loose the best of Men.

Cec. The Queen's peculiar safety be thy care ;
Therefore the Secretaries Place is thine,
In which high State, as from a Perspective,
Thou may'st discover all her forreign Foes,

Mary, Queen of Scotland.

3

And home Conspiracies, how dark soever;
But most of all, let *Mary* be thy fear,
And what thou learn'st, inform me of; I'll act,
But in thy shape; be thou my Proxy still.

Dav. Not *Cromwell* ever trod with so much care,
The subtle steps of his most famous Master,
As I the Dictates of the wiser *Burleigh*.
The *Scottish* Regent yesterday arriv'd
With new discover'd Plots t'accuse his Queen;
And since (to poise those heavy Articles)
The Duke of *Norfolk* is from *Mary* come,
And both are to have Audience straight — Behold
The Man I speak of.

Cec. Wait you on the Queen.

(*Exit Davison.*)

Enter Norfolk.

Your Grace is welcome from the Queen of *Scotland*.
How fares that sad, and most illustrious Pattern
Of all Misfortunes?

Norf. Dost thou pity her?
O let me fly and hold thee to my Bosom,
Closer and far more dear than ever Bride
Was held by hasty Bride-Groom in his Arms!
Who says thou art not straighter than the Pine,
Thy Visage smoother than *Diana's* Cheeks?
Who says this little Globe upon thy Back
Is not more beautiful than Nature's World?

Cec. My Lord, you give what Nature never lent me;
Blushes.

Norf. Should the *Hyenna* thus bemoan,
And thus the neighbouring Rocks but eccho him,
My Queen, I wou'd devour the precious Sound,
And thus embrace him from whose Lips it came,
Tho' wide and gaping as the Jaws of Hell —
My Lord, I came to seek you; I've a Secret
T'unfold, which while I keep, it weighs me down,
And when 'tis out, I fear it will destroy me.

Cec. Then keep it in your Breast; let me not know
What is not fit for you to speak, nor me to hear.

B 2

Norf.

Mary, Queen of Scotland.

Norf. O 'tis o're charg'd, and can no more be held,
Than Thunder when the Lightning has giv'n warning!
Now, only now's the time; the Traytor *Morton*,
The false usurping Regent is return'd
With all the Magazine of Hell about him;
The Queen, my lovely *Alban* Queen's in danger,
And if thou hearst not to advise thy *Norfolk*,
There ne're will come a time for after-Counsel.

Cec. What is't, my Lord?

Norf. First wear the Looks of Mildness,
Such as forgiving Fathers do to Sons,
And hear, and speak me gently for thy Sovereign;
Yet 'tis no Treason, unless Love be Treason.

Cec. Out with't my Lord.

Norf. I love the Queen of *Scotland*.

Cec. Ha! Love her! How?

Norf. How should she be belov'd?
But as mild Saints do to their Altars bow,
And humble Patriarchs kiss the Copes of Angels.

Cec. Love her! for what?

Norf. Not for a Crown, I swear.
O hadst thou seen her in that Plight as I did,
And hadst been *Alexander*, thou hadst kneel'd,
Thrown all thy Globes and Scepters at her feet,
And giv'n a Crown for every tear she shed.

Cec. I dare not hear you out.

Norf. By Heav'n you shall;
Nor shall your Ears be deaf alone, nice Statesman!
And see, yon Chrystal Pavement of the Heav'ns
With Angels swarm'd more numerous than Stars,
Whose Voices, louder than the breath of Thunder,
And swifter than the Winds, proclaim to Earth
Bright *Mary's* Wrongs, and my eternal Love.

Cec. My Lord, y'ave said too much; I dare not hear you.

Norf. Is pitying the distress'd, and loving Her
Whom none but Envy hates, sin to hear?

Cec. What Reason has your Passion? You'd not marry her?

Norf. Not marry her! Wou'd not a Saint choose Bliss,
A starving Creature rather eat than dye?

By Heav'n, were she on *Acheron's* t'other side,
And charm'd me by my Love, to overtake her,
I'd swim the burning Lake to grasp her thus.

(Embraces him.

Cec. For Pity recollect your banisht Reason.
Consider what y'ave said, it must undo you.
The Danger's greater far than you can feign.
Do you not know that she's accus'd of Treason?
That for the Royal Crown our Mistress wears,
She yet stands Candidate against all Force,
And hopes to snatch it from her rightful Head?

Norf. By the eternal Beams that bless the World,
'Tis false thou know'st, false as the Sun is clear.
O *Cecil*! tell me what thou truly think'st:
Thou hast a Soul with shining Wisdom crown'd,
Whose virtuous, honest steps whoever tracks,
May challenge to be sav'd; O tell me then,
Can *Scotland's* Queen be any but a Goddess?

Cec. I dare not utter every thought that pains me,
Nor can I longer with my Oath dispence,
An Oath that charges me for Life to hold
No dang'rous Secret from the Queen — Farewel.
Repent my Lord, and urge this thing no more,
For 'twill be fatal, should our Mistress know it.

Norf. The Queen must know it, you shall tell her too;
Therefore I came, that thou shou'dst intercede,
You, from whose Mouth the Queen takes nothing ill.

Cec. Not for the Crown she wears wou'd I acquaint her.

Norf. You must, you shall.

Cec. Beware Ambition Sir.

The Queen has Jealousie to giv't a Name;
Disloyalty, Ambition is the least.

Norf. By Heav'n, you wrong the faithfulst of her Subjects;
I'd touch a Scorpion rather than her Scepter;
Her proud Regalias are but glittering Toys,
And the least Word or Look from *Scotland's* Queen,
Is worth whole Pyramids of Royal Lumber.
We only ask but Love and Liberty,
Give us but those, we'll quit her all the rest:
For where Love Reigns so absolute as here,
There is no room for any other thought.

Cec. My Lord, consider what you'd have me say —
I dare not speak — not think of it — Farewel.

Norf. Tell her, or by my desperate Love I swear,
I'll fly and do't my self, were she hemm'd in
With Basilisks, or were she Queen of Furies,
Love, mighty Love should lead me and protect me;
Else by the Throne of Thrones that aw's the World,
If she'll not hear me, I'll proclaim aloud,
And hollow in her Ears the hated Sound
Of Royal *Mary's* Wrongs;
And that it is, because she has more Right
And Title to her Crown, as she has greater
Virtues, Wit, Fame, and Beauty more than she.

Cec. My Lord, my Lord, come back — To save you,
(For nought but Death can follow such a Rashness)
Refrain your Passion but a few short moments,
And I'll acquaint my Lord of *Leicester* with it,
'Twill be more proper from his Mouth than mine.
Him I will arm with Reasons for your sake,
As shall the least incense the Queens displeasure —
Behold she comes; the *Scottish* Regent too.

Norf. Confusion seize the Fiend.

Cec. Be sure, my Lord,
What you see and hear, contain your self.

*Enter to them Queen Elizabeth, Officers of State, Morton, Davison,
Women and Guards. Queen sits down.*

Qu. Eliz. Alas! my Lords, when will you cease complaining?
And when shall this poor Bosom be at rest?
To see you still thus persecute my Soul,
My Sister, Cousin, every thing that's dear.
No, rather sink me instantly to Hell,
Or, by some Magick, turn me into Stone,
Then fix me like a Statue high as Heav'n,
Round me such gaping Monsters as your selves,
And underneath be this Inscription writ,
*Lo, this was once the curst Elizabeth,
The Queen of Wolves and Tygers, not of Men.*

Mary, Queen of Scotland.

7

Alf. What is't I hear? 'Twas some Immortal spoke.
Down all ye Stars, and every gaudy Planet,
And with your Lambent brightness Crown her Head, [Aside.
She shall be Queen of Saints and Cherubins.

Mor. The Parliament of Scotland, gracious Queen!
(Begging protection of their Infant King)
Have sent me to your Majesty——

Qu. E. What King? What Queen have you but Royal Mary?—
Ha! I am told you can produce a Law
To justify your Nation has a Right
To question Kings——you boldest, vilest Rebels!
The far less barbarous *Picts*, your ancient Sires
Ne're taught it you——Go home, and tell your Masters,
And the crown'd Property their Cradle Prince,
That here his Mother *Mary* shall be own'd
His Queen, and absolute, while I am so.

Mor. Most mighty Queen!

Qu. E. You shall be heard——My Lord,
Y're welcome, welcome as you most deserve, (To Norfolk.)
The noblest Subject, and the gallant'st Friend
That any Monarch claims——How does the Queen?
How fares my excellent and Royal Sister?
O tell me quickly.

Norf. Desolate she is.
Alas, I tremble, fearing 'tis a sin
To stab your Ears with such a doleful Tale;
Could I draw half that Pity from her Foes,
Hearing me count her miserable Complaints,
As she extorted from her Prison Walls,
Then she might hope; for they would echo them,
And sometimes weep at the Relation.

Mor. I beg your Royal Hearing now, before
That Duke has charm'd you with a Syrens Story;
By the Impartial Right of Embassies,
And justice that still waits upon your Throne,
I humbly claim first to be heard.

Qu. E. You shall.
Say what you please, my Lord, you have my leave
But let there 'scape no malice from your Tongue

Norf.

Mor. Heav'n grant my Hopes, as there is nought but truth
And grounds most just in what shall be alleadg'd.
Our Queen, most mighty Princess, *Europe* knows
Has long been wrapt in such a Cloud of Crimes
That have eclips'd the lustre of a Crown.
Who sees into her Life ———

Qu. E. My Lord, I do command you cease; for if
You speak one word again to blot your Queen,
I shall suspect, as all the world has done,
You had a hand in that vile Regicide,
Else why are *Angus* and the false *Argile*,
Suppos'd to be Contrivers of the Murther,
By you protected from the Cry of Justice?
If yave nought else to say, be dumb for ever.

Norf. Let Justice now be silent, Angels too
Look down and wonder at her Oracle!

(*Aside*)

Mor. Your Majesty must give me leave to speak,
And plead the Right of Nations for my Guard ———
Your Subject I am not.

Norf. Audacious Villain!

(*Puts on his Hat.*)

Mor. If Innocent, why is she then a Prisoner?
If Guilty, why against the Law of Heaven,
And Clamours of a Kingdom your Ally,
D'you bar the Gates of Justice and secure her?

Qu. E. Ha! am I dar'd! brav'd by a Slave! a Snake!
Crawl'd from the frozen Corner of my Land,
But warm grown by my Beams of Majesty,
To hiss me to my Face! Malicious Rebel! ———
Quick, take him, bind him, gag him, bore him through
The Tongue, this haughty *Scot*! ———
I'll tame you Sir—Nay, I will use thee worse
Then once a King serv'd such a saucy Post,
Who daring to be cover'd in his Presence,
Nail'd his proud Bonnet to the Villains Head,
And made him feel the Reverence due to Crowns ———
Away with him.

en I will be heard.

es Danger will not wake you,
gdom's must ——— Behold a Letter
d sign'd with her own Hand

Mary, Queen of Scotland.

9

Sent to the Noble Men her Friends in Scotland,
Wherein she does asperse your Majesty
With Treachery and breach of Promise to her ;
But bids e'm be of Courage, and expect her,
For she is now assur'd of other Means,
Some mighty Man, your Subject, by whose Aid
She hopes to be releas'd, and suddenly.

Nor. Most wise discerning Princess! did you hear?
Hear this bold man, how loud he barks at Princes.
The base degenerate Coward dreading you,
Now turns his Back, but worry's still a Queen.

Qu. Eliz. Let him be heard.

Nor. O stop the Traytors Mouth !
Hear not a Monarch by her Rebel stain'd.
By that bright Throne of Justice which you fill,
'Tis false, 'tis forg'd, 'tis Lucifer's Invention.

Q. E. Ha ! you will give me leave to judge of it ?
If not, sit you where I am — Pray my Lord
No more.

Mor. We've Letters too, and Witnesses,
To prove that *Allin*, *Inglesfield*, and *Ross*,
More cunning Devils than deluded *Eve*,
Have bargain'd with the Pope, and King of *Spain*,
To Excommunicate her Son, and You ;
And giv'n a Resignation of both Crowns
To that most Catholick Tyrant for his Service.

Q. E. Defend me Heaven ! This is a Mountain Treason !

Nor. Prodigious Villain !

Q. E. Are you not amaz'd !

My Guard, my faithful *Cecil*, more, my Friend !
Thou art my *Delphos*, to what Oracle ?
Where shall I have recourse but unto thee,
Whose Bosom is my Rest, whose Breast my Counsel ?
What think you now, my Lord ?

Nor. 'Tis all Conspiracy.

Cec. Rest and refer this Matter to your Council.
Something may be in this, but more Design.

Mor. If all's not true, Ile give my Body up
To Torments, to be Rack'd, and dye a Villain,
Or stand the Test with any He that dares.

Norf. Quick, let me take him at his Word.
O that I had thee on some Defart's Cliff,
Where shoud'st thou stir one step, on one hand stood
Tigers, fierce Wolves, and Dragons to devour thee,
And on the other, endless Waves to catch thee,
I'de crush the Treason from thy venom'd Throat,
As I wou'd do its Poyson from a Toad.

Mor. My Lord——

Qu. E. My Lord of *Norfolk*, y'are too bold.

Norf. I beg your Majesty grant his Request;
And I, as Champion for that Saint and Heaven,
I *Thomas Norfolk* with this Arm will prove
That *Mary Queen of Scotland* is abus'd,
That she is innocent, and all is forg'd
By that base Monster, Villain, Traitor, *Morton*;
Nay, till I've made him own to all the World
That he's not born of noble Blood, but that
Some Ruffian mingl'd with his Fathers Lust
And more than half begot him.

Mor. Gracious Queen! ——

Q. E. How dare you utter this before my face
What, have my Favours plac'd you so aloft,
That y'are become my Equal?——Is it so?
Yet know, proud Duke, that I can pull you down;
Nay, were you Duke of all your fancy'd World,
Your Head as high as your aspiring Thoughts——
Confess y'are mad; if so, go home and sleep;
But take this Caution, Sir, along with you,
Beware what Pillow 'tis you rest upon.

Norf. If to proclaim the Innocence of her
Who has no liberty to do't her self
Be such a Crime, take then my Life and Honours,
Th'are more your Majestie's than mine that wear 'em;
But while I breath, I'll hollow to the Clouds,
Nay, Hell shall eccho from the deep Abyss,
Queen *Mary's* wrong'd, Queen *Mary's* innocent.

Qu. E. Patience kind Heav'n! must I indure all this?
Take him away.

Norf. They need not, I will go——
You'll hear an Answer first from that sad Princess——

Mary, Queen of Scotland.

11

Here is a Letter from that guilty Fair One.
She bids me thus present it on my Knees.

Qu. E. Before I read it, you may speak my Lord.

Norf. Mark but the Superscription — Is't not to
Her dearest Sister, Queen *Elizabeth*?

Qu. E. It is.

Norf. But had you seen her write it, with what Love!
How with a Sigh she perfum'd ev'ry Word,
Fragrant as Eastern Winds, or Garden Breezes,
That steal the sweets of Roses in their Flights.
On ev'ry Sillable she rain'd down Pearls,
And said, instead of Gemms, she sent you Blessings,
For other Princely Treasure she had none.

Qu. E. Alas! — What mean'st thou *Norfolk*?

Norf. Then she sigh'd and cry'd,
Go to the Queen, perhaps upon her Throne.
Tell her, mine is an humble Floor, my Palace
An old dark Tower, that threatning bore's the Skye,
And seems at war with Heav'n to keep Day out.
For eighteen years of Winters I ne're saw
The Grass embroider'd o're with Icy Spangles,
Nor Trees Majestick in their snowy Robes;
Nor yet in Summer, how the Fields are clad,
And how soft Nature gently shifts the Scene,
Her hoary Vestment to delightful Green.

Qu. E. O Duke, enough; thy Language stabs my soul.

Norf. No feather'd Chorister of chearful Note
Salutes my dusky Grate to bring the Morn,
But Birds of frightful Omen, Screech Owls, Batts,
And Ravens, such as haunt old ruin'd Castles,
Make no distinction here 'twixt Sun and Moon,
But joyn their clattering Wings with their loud croaks,
And sing hoarse Midnight Dirges all the Night.

Qu. E. O horror! *Cecil*, stop thy ears and mine —
Now cruel *Morton*, is she guilty now?
She cannot be ambitious of my Crown,
For tho' it be a glorious thing to fight,
Yet like a gaudy Serpent round it sits
Wreathing about a Prince's tortur'd Brow,

And O ! it has a thousand stings more fatal——
Thou hast no more to say.

Norf. I found this mourning Excellence alone,
She was asleep, not on a Purple Bed,
Or gorgeous Pallet, but upon the Floor
Which a mean Carpet clad whereon she fate,
And on a homely Couch did lean her Head.
Two winking Tapers at a distance stood ;
For other Light ne're blest that dismal Place,
Which made the Room look like some sacred Urne,
And she the sad Effigies of her self.

Qu. E. Alas ! have done ; I cannot hear thee out.
Pray rise, my Lord.

Norf. O never till y'ave Pity !
Her Face and Breast, I might discover bare,
And looking nearer, I beheld how tears
Slid from each crevice of her scarce clos'd Eyes,
And every Breath she fetch'd turn'd to a Sigh.

Qu. E. O I am drown'd, I'm melted all to Pity !

Norf. Quickly she wak'd, for Grief ne're rested long,
And starting at my sight, she blush'd and said,
You find me full of Grief ; but know, my Lord,
'Tis not for Liberty, nor Crowns I weep ;
But that your Queen thinks me her Enemy,
And will not hear the Voice of Innocence,
But stops her Ears 'gainst Nature's and my Cries ;
The worst of Villains may be heard to pray,
And at the Altar plead ; but me she banishes,
And hears my Foes, but will not hear her Sister.

Qu. E. My Breast like a full Prophet's is o'recharg'd,
The God of Pity rages to get out,
And must have way——Rise *Norfolk*, and haste all,
Fly with the Wings of posting Angels, fly,
Swift as the merciful Decrees above
Are glided down the Precepice of Heaven,
When the Almighty is resolv'd to save——
Quick, take your Queens own Chariot, take all my Love,
And bring this mourning Goddess to me straight :
Fetch me that warbling Nightingale, who long
In vain has sung, and flutter'd in her Cage,

And lay the panting Charmer in my Breast,
This Heart shall be her Jaylor, and these Arms her Prison.

Norf. O run and execute the Queen's Commands,
Prepare her golden Coach and snow white Steeds
The Pattern of that Innocence they carry,
And fly more fast than *Venus* drawn by Doves.
Shou'd all the Clouds pour down at once upon you,
Make your quick passage through the falling Ocean,
Not it's dread Thunder let it stop, nor Lightning stay you.

Mor. Madam——

Qu. E. No more, you shall have Justice Sir.
If you have bravely urg'd the truth, fear not,
For Majesty is always the severest
And truest Touchstone of a Rebels Heart.
Why Heaven have you perplex me with a Crown,
Now when the World is such a Monster grown?
When Summer freezes, and when Winter springs,
When Nature fades, and Loyalty to Kings.
Once such Respect to *Judah's* Prince was shown
Ten thousand Lives were prov'd to save his own;
Then, as the Lyon to the Fox look'd grim,
Kings first were awful, now they lesser seem.
What makes such Rebels? what makes Monarchs poor,
But giving Slaves too large a taste of Power; (To Morton.)
'Tis for the Royal Furr you hope to win,
The Ermine might be safe but for her Skin;
If Kings have any fault, 'tis but the Name,
And not who wears it, but the Crown's to blame.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Finis Actus Primi

ACTUS

ACTUS SECUNDUS,

Scena prima.

Norfolk Solus.

R Ejoyce all living Creatures that have Breath,
 Through this vast City let your Noises joyn,
 And Eccho all ye Lands and Seas, she comes.
 The distant Shouts and waisted sounds of Bells
 Proclaim to *Londons* Walls Queen *Mary's* come.
 Winds bear it into *France* to glad her Friends,
 Winds waft it into *Scotland* to her Foes,
 Till with the News they blast, with envy dye.

Enter Morton to him.

Mor. My Lord, I came to find you.

Norf. Pardon me,
 The mighty joy that has since fill'd my breast,
 And left no room for other thoughts, has made me
 Forget that you and I were angry.

Mor. And I.

My Lord, brave Spirits shou'd be stir'd to wrath
 As seldom as the Center is with Earth-quakes,
 Not like the Sea, disturb'd by ev'ry Blast.

I came to speak with you, but as a Friend.
 Last Night within my Bed, prepar'd for slumber

That gives soft Rest to all but sorrowful
 And guilty Minds, a sudden Dread assail'd me,
 Started by some Divinity that aw'd,

And stole soft entrance in my cruel Bosom.

The awful God within me shone like Day.

First made me view, then chac'd my Guilt away.

I felt my Breast begin to 'bate it's Rage,

My

My barb'rous Zeal for a more barb'rous Cause
Began to slack, whilst true Remorse and Pity
Surpris'd my Soul, and held it for the Queen.

Norf. O, may they ever keep possession there!

Mor. They shall. All she's accus'd of, is no more,
But that she strove to cast her Fetters off.

The Lyon, when he's hunted in the Toil,
Spare not himself, nor Foes within his reach,
But wounds his bristly Hide, and tears the Ground,
And all for precious Liberty he roars,
Freedom which God and Nature gave to all,
But cruel Man and cursed Laws deny.

Norf. Now thou art beautiful, no Devil now
Thou dost appear; for from thy Arms and Feet
Sprout Angels Wings where Vultures Talons grew,
And cloven Hoofs.

Mor. The Vision further went;
(For 'twas a Heav'nly Vision sure that said it.)
What if some noble Man shou'd be pick't out,
A Subject of this Realm to wed our Queen?
For here are Subjects of Estates and Rank
May weigh their Coronets with Princes Crowns.

Norf. Some such there are, if she wou'd think 'em worthy.

Mor. She must and will, for sh'as no other hopes,
As she 'twixt *Sylla* and *Charybdis* fails.
Your Jealous Queen wou'd then be freed from fears
By such a Match, who all her Reign has dreaded
Her Marriage with some Prince of *France* or *Spain*,
So to convey her Title to the Crown
To the worst Enemy this Nation has.

Norf. Name but the Man that dares aspire to be
Her kneeling Slave, much more her God-like Husband!
Is it not *Leicester*?

Mor. All the world beside
Your self, wou'd first have nam'd the Duke of *Norfolk*.

Norf. Ha!

Mor. Start not Sir, nor let your Modesty
Usurp the Priviledge to bar your Fortunes.

Norf. I cannot be ambitious of a Crown;
But if I were, and lov'd, to thee I swear

I wou'd prefer that charming Queen to all,
To Crowns, to Empires, or ten thousand Lives——
Queen, did I say? that Name's too great, too distant,
It sounds too mighty in a Lovers Mouth.

Mor. You are by Heav'n and Earth design'd her Husband.

Norf. Were she so low, the farthest from a Crown,
Sate on a Bank for Scotland's gawdy Throne,
Under no Canopy, but some large Oak,
And for a Scepter, in her hand a Crook;
A Coronet of Flowers upon her Head,
Where round her all her fleecy Subjects feed,
Glad I wou'd be to dress me like a Swain,
Steal from her Eyes my Pleasure and my pain,
Smile when she smiles, or else our weep the Rain.
Sit by her side, freed from the Chains of Power,
And never think of Wealth or Honour more.

Mor. You speak like that rare Lover as you are——
Come, come my Lord, you wrong your hopes to hide
This secret from the only man can serve you.
I know you love the afflicted Queen, confess,
And soon as she's arriv'd, I'll wait on her,
Fall on my knees, may prostrate on the Earth;
Implore my pardon of that injur'd Saint,
And make it my Request for all her Subjects,
To take you for her Husband and our King,
And for her Dower, her Crown and Liberty.

Norf. By you bright truth in Heav'n, if this thou mean'st,
I swear to thee, O *Morton*, that I love her;
And if thou real art, and joyn'st our Hands,
I will reward thee with that Crown thou proffer'st,
Thou shalt Reign still for Infant *James* and us;
But if thou prov'st a Villain, and hast now
By subtil means stole this Confession from me;
Hear, mighty Vengeance, guard me when I find it,
Lend me thy surest Thunder thus to grasp,
Give me the strength, the Rage of *Hercules*,
That I may take this Monster with these hands;
And when he proves a Traytor, shake his Body
Into as many Atoms as 'twas form'd of.

Mor. By that brave Spirit you have shewn, I'me real-
The Queen's approaching, one of us must part.
It is not fit we shou'd be seen together.
You will go wait upon the Queen of Scotland.

Norf. O Morton! be thou faithful and be great.

Mor. Farewel.

(Exit Norfolk.)

Greatness I le owe unto my self, not thee.

Mary does like a lasting Fabrick stand,

Supported by proud *Norfolk*, like a Column;

Saw but this Pillar off, the Building fails.

This hot-brain'd, heedless Duke, to save the Queen,

Runs blind with Love, himself into the Gin,

Thus when the King of Beasts hears his lov'd Mate

Roar in the Toyl, with hopes to free her strait

Scours to her aid, and meets the self same Fate.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Cecily, Lords, Attendants, and Guards.

Qu. E. My Lord, your Queen's already in our Walls,
And passing through the City to our Palace.

Mor. Madam, I hope this meeting will be prosperous,
And prove as joyful to your Majesty;
As is our welcome Queen to all your Subjects.

Qu. E. My Lord, what mean you, who has welcom'd her?

Mor. I mean the Shouts, the joyful Ring of Bells,
Bonfires that turn'd the Night to shining Day;
Soon as your Orders were dispatch'd to bring her.

Qu. E. Were they so much transported at the News?

Cec. No doubt, to please your Majesty they did it.

Qu. E. It does not please me. Why was I not told it?
I wou'd have added Water to their Flames,
Dug up their Wharfs and Sluces at their Gates,
And let the Ocean in their lighted Streets
To quench their sawcy Fires.

Cec. 'Twas Ignorance.

Qu. E. 'Twas Impudence; for me they scarcely thank'd,
Nay, when in Person I led forth their Armies,
Arm'd like an Amazon, an Helmet on,
Dwelt in the Camp long months of Hot and Cold,
Feeling more hardship than the meanest Souldier,

And brought bright Victory to their Thresholds home;
Yet me they never welcom'd with such joy.——

Ha! in my Ears, and at my Palace Doors!

(Shouts within.

Thus they wou'd dare me, had they Forts and Cannons.

Mor. This sounds as if the Queen were near the Palace.

Enter Davison to them.

Qu. E. Speak *Davison*, what mean these Shouts?

Dav. The Queen of *Scotland's* come, these Acclamations
Proclaim your Peoples Joy where e're she passes.

It was your Royal Pleasure I should go
To meet this welcome Princess out of Town,
But cou'd not pass it for the Multitude,
So numerous, that had your Majesty beheld e'm,
You wou'd have wept as *Xerxes* o're his Army,
To think that in a hundred years or less,
Not one of all those goodly Creatures would be living.

Qu. E. Thou art mistaken, had I seen the slaves,
If wishes cou'd have don't, they had not liv'd
A day; they shou'd have dy'd for Traitors all.

Dav. Mistake me not, nor your kind Subjects Loves.
I hope they did not mean it as a fault.

Qu. E. Proceed. Did they not strive to make thee way,
Not for my Sake, nor for thy Dignity and Place?

Dav. Alas, 'twas past their Power! I might as well
Have put my Breast against a gushing Torrent,
Or drive the Ocean from its deep abode,
As stem the Multitude——But mark what follow'd;
For this was but the Curtain to the Scene——
You look displeas'd; I doubt I've said too much,
And fear I've done e'm wrong.

Qu. E. Ile hear——Go on.

Dav. The Queen no sooner did appear, but strait
Th'obedient Crowd shrunk back at her Command,
Making a Lane to guard her on each side.
Not *Israel's* Chief with his commanding Rod
Did the Red Sea so suddenly divide,
As she with her kind Looks the Rout disperst.

Mary, Queen of Scotland.

19

Qu. E. 'Tis well, and what am I, ungrateful People?

Dav. But till she spoke, they hung like cluster'd Grapes,
And cover'd all her Chariot like a Vine,
The loaded Wheels thick as the Dust did hide,
And swarm'd like Bees upon her Coaches side;
Matrons and Virgins in her Praises sung,
Whilst wanton Bells ingrateful Changes rung;
All harmony from discord seem'd to flow,
And Shouts from houses tops met Shouts below;
Mothers, when they with joy her Face had seen,
Wou'd point, and to their Infants shew the Queen,
Whilst they (ne're learnt to talk) for her wou'd try,
And the first word they spoke wou'd *Mary* cry.

Qu. E. 'Tis false——Thou wrong'st my Subjects.
They durst not do this, durst not did I say?

My People wou'd not——What is this I hear?

(*More Shouts.*)

Are these the perjur'd Slaves that at my fight
Have left their Callings, all the Youth their Sports?
Old men their Crutches too wou'd fling away,
And run to see my Face——The Bridegroom at the Altar
That held his Bride by th' hand, at my approach,
Left the unfinish'd Rites to see me pass,
And made his eager hopes wait on his Queen.

Dav. And there are yet a million so wou'd do.

Qu. E. No, I'm forgot; a new thing has their hearts.

I am grown stale, as common to the sight,
As Sun by day, or Moon and Stars by night.
O curse of Crowns! O curse of Regal Power!
Learn you that wou'd such Pageantry adore.
Trust whining Saints, the cunning Harlots tears,
And listen when the perjur'd Lover swears;
Believe the Serpent that did *Eve* delude,
But never, never trust the Multitude;
There is more Innocence, more truth in those,
Than in false subjects Coronation Vows.——
Again! some Thunder-Bolt come strike me dead,
Or snatch away my Sence of hearing quite——
Discharge a Volly; quickly drown this Noise;
Sound a whole Clang of Trumpets in my Ears,

(*More Shouts.*)

Mary, Queen of Scotland.

And beat a Regiment of Drums about me,
I can hear any thing but this.

Cec. Run and proclaim the Queens Commands to all
On penalty of Death to cease this Shouting.

Qu. E. No, let 'em stan me, kill me; yes, vile Traytors!
Ye shall have her ye long for in my Throne,
False Queen! you shall enjoy your Sisters Crown;
But it shall be of Serpents, Adders, Scorpions,
And a worse plague to thee than mine is now,
It shall be in the Tower, there do thou sing
Thy Syren's Song, and let them shout in answer, do —
I'll teach you how to flatter and betray —
Run, seize the Queen, like Lightning straight obey —

[Offers to go and returns again.]

Where woud'st thou go? where woud thy fury drive thee?
What has my Sister, what has Mary done?
Must she be punisht for my Subjects Crimes?
Perhaps she's innocent of all this Joy,
And hears the Sound with greater pain than I.
Where shall I wander? in what place of rest?
Under what Canopy with Peace be blest?
The Shepherds Pallet made of Turf or Stone,
Is easier than a Princes Bed or Throne.
Hear Guard of Kings, revenge an injur'd Monarch.

(More Shouts.)

Dav. The Queen is just on entrance.

Qu. E. Does it please you?
Behold, she comes, meet and conduct her in.
Why stay you here? each do his Office straight,
And seat her in my Place, my Crown present her with,
And with your Hollows eccho all the Rabble.
The Deed is done, that Mary is your Queen;
But think not to be safe; for when I'm dead,
Swift on a Dragons Wings from Heav'n I'll fall,
And rain down Royal Vengeance on you all.

Cec. Make hast and follow all that love their Queen.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

Enter

Enter Queen Mary, Young Douglas and Attendants.

Qu. M. Come poor Remainder of my lost Estate,
Once I was serv'd in Pomp, had many Friends,
And then scarce felt a Blessing in the Cumber,
But now I'm more beholding to my Fate,
That after having plunder'd me of all,
Left me the Gleanings of so kind a few.
Friendship to Misery is dainty Fare,
Like Hunger to the Poor, it makes all rare.

Dow. What will betide us now?

Qu. M. Come near your Mistress.
Methinks your Queen, and her poor sorry Train,
Look like a crew of Shipwrack'd Passengers,
Shuddering and wet, thrown on some Land by night,
Without a Friend to chear, or Fire to warm 'em.

Dow. Like them perhaps we're cast upon a shore,
Where no kind Creature lives to pity us,
But Wolves, dread Basilisks and gaping Monsters.
Alas! what meant those Shouts of Joy? to mock us?
Is this the Court of fam'd *Elizabeth*?
And this the Throne where she was serv'd with Throngs?
Is this your Welcome? Where's her glittering Train?
Here are no Crowds, no face of either Sex.
But all abandon'd like the Place we came from.

Qu. M. Sure it was all a Dream, was it not *Douglas*?
Thou little Angel that preserv'dst thy Queen,
Appear'd like Mercy and unlock'd my Prison;
But I ungrateful, and my Fortunes worse,
Took thee, young Rose, from thine own fruitful Garden,
And planted thee within a cold dead Soil,
To nip thy Youth, and with my sorrows kill thee,
But shortly Ple release thee from thy Woes,
And leave thee to enjoy when I am dead,
What thou ne're found'st with me, Content.

Dow. Surely the Queen will see you now y'are come,
Else we do walk enchanted, and this Place
Is not *White-Hall*, but *Pawlets* Prison still.

Mary, Queen of Scotland.

Qu. M. Lend me your hands, for I am faint and weary,
My Legs too tremble, and methinks the Floor
Sinks under 'em, and now it fares with me
Like a poor Mariner that had been condemn'd
To a close Bark, a long and tedious Voyage,
Who, coming to the Shore, scarce feels the Ground,
And thinks the World does like the Ship go round.

Dow. Here, sit you down a while.

Qu. M. What? in her Chair?

Then she indeed may say I am ambitious,
Ambitious of her Crown, which Heav'n avows
I am not——

No, bring me another Chair,
And place it where I may give no offence,
And you upon the Floor incompass me—
So, this is as it shou'd be; Is it not?

Thus have we oft beguil'd the time at *Fotheringay*—
Lend me a Glass *Aurelia*, and pray tell me,
And tell me faithfully, how do I look?

I dare not see my self, till I'm prepar'd
And made acquainted with the ghastly horror,
Least I view that shou'd strike me into Madness.

Dow. To see your self, is strait to banish Wo,
And make you happy for that Day, I'm sure
It does your Servants when they look upon you,
You are so good, so perfect and so fair.

Beauty and sorrow never were so nigh

A Kin in any but in you——Behold else. [*Reaching her the Glass.*

Qu. M. If fear will give my Sences leave,
And hands can do their Office without trembling.
I'll lift it to my Eyes——Ha! do you mock me?
Who is behind me? who lookt in the Glass?

Dow. Here's no body, here's none within the Room
Besides your self, and us upon the Floor.

Qu. M. Alas, these cannot be thy Mistress Eyes,
Mine were dim Lamps that long ago expir'd,
And quite dissolv'd, or quench'd themselves in tears.
These Cheeks are none of mine; these Roses look not
Like Tempest-beaten Lillies as mine shou'd.

[*Queen sits down,
and her Attendants
upon the
Floor round a-
bout her.*

This Forehead is not graven with the Darts
Of eighteen years of sharpest Miseries ;
Nor are these Lips like Sorrows blubber'd Twins,
Ne're smiling, ever mourning and complaining.——
False Glas that flatters and undoes the Fond. [*Throws down the Glass.*]
False Beauty ! May that Wretch that has thee, curse thee,
And hold thee still detestable as mine ;
Why tarry'st thou to give me yet more wo ?
The Earth will mourn in Furrows at the Plow ;
Birds, Trees and Meadows, when the Summers gone,
Put their worst Looks and sable Colours on ;
The fullen Streams, when any Tempest blows,
Their Chrystal smoothness in a moment loose ;
But my curst Beauty, this malicious Charm
No time, long Grievs, nor blasts of Envy harm.

Enter to them Norfolk.

Norf. What do I see ! the Person or the Shadow
Of the most bright Divinity of *Scotland* ?
Is this her real Body on the Floor ?
And these the faithful Mourners of her Fortune ?
Bright as *Diana* with her starry Nymphs
Descending to make fertile Land and Sea,
To bless the Waves, and brood the World with Plenty.
O rise, most charming of all Creatures rise !
Or Heav'n shall be no more where now it is,
But sink the Scale and mount the Globe above it.

Qu. M. Who sees the needy Traveller on foot,
When he approaches to his long'd-for Inn,
Welcom'd, carress'd and shew'd the fairest Room,
And richest Bed to rest his weary Limbs ?
Or who beholds the Beggar on his Straw,
Crying for Alms before the Rich Mans Door,
And bids him rise ?——Go Duke, and shun this Wretch,
Fly *Maries* Fate ; for such, and worse is she.

Norf. Rise Heavenly Excellence, or by your self,
The greatest Oath that I can take,
I'll bear your precious Body in these Arms,
(Forgive the Sacrilegious Violence)

And

And seat you in that proud Imperial Chair,
Beneath whose scornful Feet you meekly lye;
Nay I wou'd do't, were this *She-Harry* by,
Tho' she stood here and dar'd me with Revenge,
I'de put you in that Place in spite of her.

Qu. M. Now all the Powers of Heav'n and Earth forbid.

Norf. Heav'n's Throne of Thrones, Angels and Cherubins,
The Powers above and Mortals all below
Wou'd praise me for the Deed—Who can behold
Englands bright Heiress, Queen of *France* and *Scotland*,
Whose Veins run treasur'd with the sacred Blood
Of *Fergus*, and an hundred *Alban* Kings,
Lye thus neglected, in a State thus mean?
Who can behold it, and at once be Loyal?

Qu. M. O tempt me not with thoughts of any State
But this that I am in; it was a Vision,
The World till now was but a Dream to me.
When I was great, I always was in Danger,
Giddy and fearful when I lookt beneath;
But now with scorn I can see all above me,
Happy in this, that I can fall no lower.

Norf. O say no more, for pity of Mankind,
Least Heav'n descend in Battails, Plagues and Fire,
To scourge the Earth for so prophane a sight,
And treating thus the Majesty of Kings.
Were I a God, Nature shou'd wrack for this,
The frighted World shou'd at my Burthen groan,
Whilst thus I fell with my Immortal Weight,
Thus at your Feet, and crusht it's Soul away.
But as I'me *Norfolk* still, the meanest Wretch,
I will entreat of thee a Grave, and say
As raving *Aristotle* to the Sea,
Since I can't conquer thee, to swallow me.

[Falls down flat.

Qu. M. Rise gallant Duke, and shew me if you can,
Where shall the wretched fly to be at rest?
For I am like the Dove banisht the Ark
To perish by the Waters; but yet at last
She saw the Mountains rear their wisht-for Tops,
And Trees their welcome Branches sprout above

[Queen rises.

The Waves ; but my poor Feet find no kind ground,
My Soul no Pearch to rest its weary Wings on.

Norf. O could I dare repeat it in your hearing,
Or claim the sacred Promise once you made,
Here you shou'd meet that calm repose you want,
In *Norfolk's* grateful Breast.

Qu. M. O name not Love !
Love always flies the wretched and deform'd,
And I am both — Sorrow has plaid the Tyrant,
Plow'd up this lovely Field where Beauties grew,
And quite transform'd it to a naked Fallow.
That you had once my Word, 'tis true ; but 'twas
When I had hopes to be a Queen again ;
I thought to give you with some Charms a Crown,
Which you deserve ; but now they all are gone,
I am not worth the taking — cease the thought.

Norf. By Heav'n ! you are above all Queens to me ;
Your glorious Head was shadow'd with a Crown,
And lovely Body seem'd but coursfely clad
With Robes of Majesty, like Stars beclouded ;
Those cast away, the Cherubin appears
Bright as the World was in its Infant years.
Eas'd of this Sumpter, take your happy Flight,
The lighter by the Load of curf'd Crowns.
You bear the badg of Heav'n where e're you go,
Bright Beauty and Divinity all o're.

Qu. M. Where shall I fly ?

Norf. To *Scythia*, Wilds of Beasts,
Or any where but this accurf'd Place.
To *Scotland* first, where the repenting *Morton*,
(Whom real pity of your matchless Sufferings
Has turn'd a Saint) has writ to all the States
To meet, receive you, and approve your choice.

Qu. M. First let my Virtue with my Heart consult.

Norf. Nay, whilst you think you'll stumble on a Grave,
Or Prison — ah you know not what the Queen,
And your curf'd Foes are now consulting of.

Qu. M. To fly suspected, is to make me guilty ;
Yet she condemns and shuns me as a Monster,
Denies what to the meanest Criminal she grants.

Now Fear and Passion strive
Like Seas with bold contrary Winds oppress,
And rouse the quiet Ocean in my Breast.

Enter to them Davison with Guards.

Dav. The Queen my Mistress to her Royal Sister,
The wrong'd and beauteous Majesty of Scotland,
Sends by her Slave the dearest of all Loves,
Not such as fickle, wanton Lovers pay,
But such as Friends and Angels owe each other.
She lovingly intreats you would accept
Of this her Guard——

Norf. Ha!

Dav. Not as a Restraint,
But to protect your Life against your Foes,
Which she still prizes dearer than her own.
Without are Officers prepar'd to wait you
To an Apartment nearest to her own.
My Lord, It is her Majesties Command
You leave the Queen, and instantly attend her.

[To Norfolk.

Norf. Immortal Powers! a Guard!

[Exit Davison.

Qu. M. Haste noble Duke, prevent her threatening Rage;
Plead for your self — Behold I am not worse,
Than when you saw me first at *Fotheringay*.

Norf. Ah rigid Caution! Virtue too severe!
Yave done a cruel Justice on your self,
And quite undone my hopes.

Qu. M. Give me your Hand.

I will be yours, or ne're will be Anothers:
That as my Heart, but oh most gallant *Norfolk*!
Some time allow to weigh the nice Regards
Of Jealous Honour in a Prince's Breast.
Cruel Example, cruel Greatness awes
Our Sex and Monarchs with the hardest Laws——
Farewel.

Norf. Curst be those Laws, more curst be Greatness still;
Man till forbidden, knew not what was ill,
And till Ambition sow'd the deadly strife,
Adam was blest, and Eve a happy Wife.

Virtue once hop'd, and then was so renown'd;
Valour made Kings, and Beauty oft was crown'd;
Merit did then o're Friends and Interest plead,
The happy Pair but lik'd, and soon agreed;
But now Love's bought, and Marriage grown a Trade,
Estate and Dower are in the Ballance weigh'd;
Love still was free till Pride broke in by stealth,
And ne're a Slave till undermin'd with Wealth. [Exeunt Omnes.]

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Scena prima.

Morton. Davison.

Mor. **N**ow famous *Davison*, 'tis in your Power,
To be the Genius of your threaten'd Nation,
And the Protector of your Crown and Laws;

A glorious Merit offers to espouse you,
And make your Name in *England's* Cause renown'd.
Your Mistress must not see the Queen of *Scotland*;
This you must study to prevent; for 'tis
To give a Dagger to a Lunatick.
How do's she hold her Yesterdays Resolve?

Dav. Just as I fear'd; for in her Bed-Chamber
Early this Morn, I found the Duke of *Norfolk*
Upon his Knees, petitioning for the Queen.
At first she started, with her Eyes shot Flames,
And bid him in a fury strait be gon;
Then with an elevated Tone, she cry'd,
What, must I ne're be kneel'd to but for her?
All Knees, all Hearts must bend to her alone,
Whilst I, alas, like the dull slavish Beast

That bore the Goddess Image on his Back,
Am worship'd only but for her.

Mor. Said rarely !

Dav. Then on a suddain call'd him back again,
Blotting a Tear that fell in spite of her,
And bid him go to the distress, poor Queen,
And bear a Token to her.

Giving a Ring, and with it many a Sigh.
Tell her, said she, tho' Jealousies of State
Forbid that we shou'd meet, yet many days,
Nay, many hours I am not sure to live,
Unless I see her quickly, and embrace her.

Mor. Then all my Fears again return.

Dav. The Duke

Rise from the Ground exalted and expir'd,
Leaving the Queen with *Barleigh* and my self ;
But soon, on us presuming to advise her,
She thunder'd as the Gods on the rash Giants,
And made us feel what 'twas to war with Heaven.
Then in a Rage, she darted from her Closet,
And threw the Door so hard with such a Flounce,
(As I have seen her Father *Harry* do)
That made us tremble.

Mor. What wou'd you advise ?

Dav. I know not, for she wearies her Attendants,
And fain wou'd shake e'm off ; survey's each Chamber,
And measures ev'ry Gallery in her House
An hundred times, as if she meant to take
A View, and by the Model build the like.
I know the Cause, and tho' her Spirit's proud,
And wou'd not stoop to see the *Scottish* Queen,
Yet she seeks all occasions out to meet her,
And therefore loyters like a Miser's Ghost
About the Treasure that it lov'd on Earth.

Mor. This mighty Duke must be lop'd low, or fall,
His Branches are too spreading and too high,
Under whose Tops our Queen securely lyes,
And mocks the just avenging storms of Heav'n.
He thinks he's clear'd from all Accounts of Guilt,
But I have that will set him in Arrear,

Ne're to be paid, and ne're to be forgiven.
Ile to the Duke.

[Exit Morton.]

Dav. And Ile go seek the Queen——

As Davison is going out, enter Gifford and meets him.

What art thou that has haunted me so long?
Thou look'st as if thou mean'st to draw my Picture.
I saw thee in the Presence of the Queen,
Which, when I left, thou follow'dst me,
And still survey'st me with a curious Eye.
What woud'st thou with me? say, what art?

Giff. A Man.

And what indeed is rare in such a Place,
A Miracle at Court, an honest Man.
I am a Priest.

Dav. How dar'st thou peep thy Head within these Walls?
I'll have thee seiz'd.

Giff. Thou'dst better, if 'twere possible,
The Guardian Angel of thy Mistress seize.
I'me hir'd to kill the Queen.

Dav. O monstrous Villain!

Giff. I am no Villain, but a Scourge to Villains.
I have the Instrument of Fate about me.

Dav. O horrid! most unheard of Impudence!
Durst thou tell this to me that am her Servant?

Giff. Because you are, therefore I sought you out,
And came not here to act it, but reveal it.
Hell cou'd not rest and know it.

Dav. Thou say'st well.
What dire Companions in this Tragedy
Hast thou? who set you on?

Giff. O they are mighty!
Nor was the Queen alone t'have felt the Blow.

Dav. Is not the Queen of Scotland in the Plot?
Speak as thy Virtue prompts thee, and the Throne,
Thy Innocence, and Heav'n be all thy Guard.

Giff. I know that for Her sake this was contriv'd;
But dare not think that she's consenting to it.

Dav. Wer't thou alone to act this monstrous Treason?

Giff.

Giff. No, five bold Villains more besides my self,
 (Curst that my Name shou'd ere be read for one)
 All made of Nature's ruffest, fiercest Mould,
 Have enter'd in a damn'd Affociation,
 (Start Heav'n, and all Divinity to hear)
 To kill the Queen! to murder Majesty!
 Their several Instruments of Death, in sport
 They made the Guilt of Chance. One had a Sword
 Fell to his share; the second chose a Gun,
 The third a Pistol; Poyson had the fourth;
 The fifth had Water for the Deed, who was,
 If all the rest had fail'd t'have sunk her Barge,
 Rowing some Evening, as her Custom is,
 From Greenwich; and this Dagger was my Lot. [*Shews a Dagger.*]

Dav. Thou'st gain'd a glorious, and immortal Credit.

Giff. I can produce what will amaze you worse.

No Necromancer ever shew'd the Face
 Of a suspected Stealer in a Glas,
 As I the lively Figures of these Monsters,
 In glorious ostentation of the Deed,
 Painted on Tablets set in Gold, with Babington
 High in the midst, and in his threatening Hand
 Grasping the Weapon that shou'd kill the Queen,
 And underneath this horrid Sentence writ,
Hi mihi sunt Comites quos ipsa pericula ducunt.

Dav. O Villain! didst thou ever see Queen Mary?

Giff. Never, but have her Letters to the Pope,
 To the Confederates, and to Babington.

Dav. To Babington! say, does she write to him?

Giff. To him—I am th'intrusted Messenger.

Dav. Do'st know them to be hers? Who gave 'em you?

Giff. Her Secretary Curl.

Dav. But are you sure they are the Queens own Hand?

Giff. Her Hand I know not, but her Name is to 'em.
 To me they're first deliver'd to convey;
 And henceforth as they come into my hands,
 To you I'll give 'em.

Dav. Do so, which I'll open,
 And cause them to be neatly counterfeited,
 Then send the false, and keep the true ones by me —

Mary, Queen of Scotland.

31

But hold, we are perceiv'd; come, follow me,
And when time serves, I'll bring thee to the Queen. [Exeunt.]

Enter Queen Mary, young Douglas, and Women at the other Door.
Douglas spies Davison and Gifford.

Qu. M. Shew me the unfrequented'st Gallery
To walk in; for we have not chang'd our State;
We only have a little larger Prison.

Dow. Ha!

Qu. M. What do's ail the Genius of his Queen?
Why this Disorder? wherefore didst thou start?

Dow. Saw you that Fellow Madam?

Qu. M. Yes, why ask'st thou?

Dow. I know not, but a sudden Horror seiz'd me
At that Man's sight, as if he were some Fiend.
Was not that *Davison* and he together
In private talk? — Ah Madam, *Davison*
A Spy of Quality, and Legier here
Of Plots against your sacred Innocence.
By your unspotted Soul! just such a Person
(Pray Heav'n he's not the same) I often saw
With *Norris* during your Imprisonment.

O my prophetick Heart warns and foretells me,
There's mischief gangring in our scarce clos'd Wounds.

Qu. M. Thou need'st not fear, for my kind Sisters Love,
And my own Innocence shall conquer all
That Hell and Furies can invent against me.

Dow. What mean these drops? O Heav'n's! what means this shaking?
Young Prophets never wept nor trembl'd so,
For Pity, when they told the Fate of Kingdoms.
Ah brightest Star that e're adorn'd the World!
Take, take young *Douglas's* Counsel and retire;
O shun this barbarous Place, and fly this Moment.

Qu. M. What dost thou mean?

Dow. I know not, but am pull'd
By some strange Destiny that seems to you
As if I rav'd, but blest were you 'twere madness.
Last Night no sooner was I laid to rest,
But just three drops of Blood fell from my Nose,

And

And stain'd my Pillow, which I found this Morning,
And wonder'd at.

Qu. M. That rather does betoken
Some mischief to thy self.

Dow. Perhaps to Cowards,
Who prize their own base Lives, but to the Brave
'Tis always fatal to the Friend they love.

Mark further. I was scarcely fall'n asleep,
But You were represented to my Fancy,
Deck'd like a Bride with *Norfolk* in your Hand :
The amorous Duke shot Smiles with ev'ry Word,
Whilst you return'd e'm with more piercing Darts ;
But strait it seem'd to Lighten, and a Peal
Of dreadful Thunder rent you from each other,
Whilst from the Cieling painted o're like Heaven,
Methought I saw the furious Queen of *England*
Like angry *Juno* mounted on a Cloud,
Light on a Throne, at which dread Sight you vanish.

Qu. M. These are but starts of an o'rewatchful soul,
Which always represent to us asleep,
What most we fear, or wish when w're awake.

Dow. Ah my best Mistress ! on my knees I beg you,
Tho' the brave Duke be as renown'd as any
That e're the antient *Greeks* pickt out for Gods ;
Tho' never Man so rival'd all his Sex,
And left e'm bare of Virtues like himself ;
Yet for your precious Life's sake that's more worth
Than thousand Dukes, break off your Marriage with him.

Qu. M. My little Guardian Angel, thou dost rouse
And beat a War within my Breasts, between
The Interest of my Love and Preservation ;
Thou knowst 'twas long consulted, and at last
Concluded best for my uncertain State.

Leicester and *Cecil*, both of 'em have promis'd,
With *Morton* too, to gain the Queens Consent.

Dow. There's *Morton* in it, therefore go no farther.

Qu. M. Thou wou'dst not have me wed the gallant Duke,
Yet thou wou'dst have me fly ; where shall I fly ?
I dare not go to *Scotland*, That lays wait
To catch me in a hundred Snares of Death ;

And into *France*, I will not, must not go ;
For then my Sister may with reason say,
I went for Aid to drive her from her Throne ;
Besides, with sad Experience oft we find,
France seldom to a banisht Prince is kind.

Dow. See where he is, just in the moment Heav'n !
As if ill Fate against it self were kind,
And comes to warn you that you might avoid it.

Qu. M. What shall I do ? say Heav'n ; for lo I stand
Like one that in a Defart seeks his way,
Sees several Paths, yet doubting of the right,
Stands in a maze, and fears to venture upon any.

Enter to them Norfolk and Morton.

Norf. What ! what in tears, thou mourning Excellence !
Shed not that precious Balm in vain, but spare it
To heal the world when Nature is a dying,
And *Chaos* shall be threatned once again.
O save those Pearls to buy large Empires for us,
And when w've liv'd to the old Patriarchs Age,
To purchase twice as many years of Heaven.

Mor. Weep you when Love and joyful Hymen wait
To banish Grief for ever from your Breast !

Qu. M. Morton, I will proceed no further in this Marriage.
My Lord, I fear it will be fatal to us.

Norf. What do I hear !

Qu. M. By all my hopes I dare not.
Most generous *Norfolk* ! to your virtuous Love
I ow my Freedom, and what's more, my Life,
And *Marys* Heart is but the least return
That she can make ; but if that Heart proves fatal,
A wretched Load to curse with woes the Taker,
And sink the Noble Vessel that does hold it,
Then Charity forbids me be so cruel——
Think I deny you for your own dear safety,
Think I deny my self——Run, fly, forsake me,
Seek not for shelter in a falling Tower,
But leave me to be wretched here alone.

Norf. Shou'd all the Fiends break loose to bar my way,
 And were that Marble Roof of Heav'n descending
 To crush me and my Hopes, I'd fly this moment,
 And perish with my Love, but I'd enjoy her.
 Give me this trembling Hand, the fairest Lilly
 Set in the loveliest Garden of the World,
 Purer and whiter than the Virgin Snow.
 If 'tis a Sin to blot it with a Tear,
 O cou'd it speak, 'twou'd expiate the Crime,
 And say my soul does want a rougher Language,
 To chide my *Alban Queen*.

Qu. M. Cease *Norfolk*, cease;
 By all your hopes of happiness I charm you.
 Your better Genius, not my own foretells me,
 This deed will be the ruine of your Fortunes,
 If not your Life; first break it to the Queen,
 Gain her Consent.

Mor. That is already done;
Leicester long since implor'd her Royal Leave;
 She knows it, and in not forbidding it,
 Her Silence must be taken for a Grant.

Qu. M. Delay it but a Day, and let me go
 My self, if Blushes will not quite confound me,
 And ask the Queen.

Mor. You still create fresh Hazards,
 And still forget the Queen denies to see you;
 Besides, that were to wake some new surmise
 Of State; perhaps she'l then demur on the Request,
 And call your Foes to Council, which when done,
 And past prevention, she'l not blame the Deed.

Norf. O gallant *Morton*! let me thank thee thus,
 More pitiful than weeping Virgins are,
 And kind as interceding Angels thou.

Mor. Go quickly then, and tie this sacred Knot
 Due to your Int'rest, due to both your Loves;
Elizabeth shall jealous be no more,
 Nor fearful then that any foreign Prince
 Shou'd thereby joyn his Kingdom to your Right,
 And claim your lawful Title to her Crown.

[Embraces
Morton.]

Go instantly, how e're she seems to frown,
She'll smile within her heart to hear 'tis done.

Nor. By all your Woes now fled, my Service past,
And more, by all your precious Vows I beg you.

Qu. M. Why do you hold me? where d'ye hurry me,
To be your Fate, to be your Enemy?

Nor. Remember, O remember *Fotheringay*!
Remember what it heard, and eccho's still,
Your oft repeated Vows, and *Norfolk's* Groans.

Qu. M. Some pitying Angel from above, behold,
Fly swift, and point the Path that I must follow.

Mor. Away, the Sun sets forth like a gay Brideman
With you.

Qu. M. Come then, conduct me since I must.
And now Ambition, Empire, All be gon,
I leave you with your heavy Weight a Crown,
And if I err, bright Register above,
Mark with forgiveness, all my fault was Love.

Mor. Curst Accident; the Queen's approaching hither.

Qu. M. What is't you say? O bear me from her sight.
My Joy and Fear like two huge Giants fight.
Hope bids me fly, my trembling heart forbids,
But who can Love and Reason both obey? —
Do what you will with me, — away, away.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Cecil, Davison, Lords and Attendants. Queen Elizabeth sees Norfolk and Queen Mary go out at the other Side.

Qu. E. Ha! see my Lords! I dare not trust my Sight,
Is not that *Norfolk*, so officious with
The Queen?

Cec. May't please your Majesty, it is,

Qu. E. Bid him return—
See, she comes with him too.

My Lord, how dare you take her by the Hand?

Nay, talk with an Offender 'gainst your Queen!

And slight thus plain my positive Commands.

Bold Duke! If I am Queen, you then shall know,

[*Davison calls the Duke back. Queen Mary comes back with him.*]

Thoud'st better thrust thy Hands into the Flame,
Or took a Lyon by the Paw.

Qu. M. Alas!

Let not the Noble Duke for Me be blam'd,
Nor bear a Weight so dreadful as your Anger,
When I am thought by You the chief Transgressor.

*[Queen Mary makes up at
some distance to Queen
Elizabeth.]*

He only met a poor afflicted Wretch,
Lost in a Wild, and put her in her Way;
For here I wander to my self unknown,
Know few, and taken notice of by none.

Qu. E. She has a glorious Form!

By those bright Constellations o're our Heads,
Which Story tells where charming Women once,
There is not half such Beauty in those Orbs,
Nor Majesty in Heav'n——Think you my Lords,
That she appears so beautiful as sam'd?

What dull and sottish Fancies have my Women!
I ne're was set so ill together in
My Life——Look but on her; and yet methinks
She is beholden to her Sable Dress,
As, through a Jetty Sky Stars glitter most.

Cec. 'Tis no dispraise to th' Beauty of the Queen,
To say Yours Rival's Hers, and all the Sex.

Qu. E. Nay, now you grossly flatter me, Old Man.
'Tis long of such mean Sycophants as you,
That Princes are so wretched, ne're to know
The Errours of their Persons, nor their Minds.

Qu. M. What, not a Word! Am I not worth one word?
Now Heav'n! I dare you now to do your worst,
You cannot curse me now more if you wou'd.

Qu. E. Assist me now my Courage, Pity, all
Stand by my Soul; how shall I bear it now?

Qu. M. Nor yet a Look! not one kind Look upon me?
No Token that I once was Scotlands Queen!

Qu. E. Hear this obdurate Cecil, Davison!
Ye Seed of Rocks, you Brood of Wolves and Tigers!
Y'ave made me a worse Monster than your selves,
That when I'de look on her, she aw's my Sight,
Like a loath'd Fiend, I dare not see the Light.

Qu. M. Cou'd Angels think our Meeting shou'd be thus !
Thus *Mary* and *Elizabeth* shou'd greet !
So do the *Christians* and the *Pagans* treat,
The brave *Plantagenet* with th' *Ottomon*,
The golden Eagle with the Silver Crescent,
But never thus the White Cross with the Red.

Norf. This needs must charm, were she more fell than Woman.

Qu. M. The friendly Ocean, when the world was made,
Took care to joyn our Countries close together,
And shall not we our Loves and tender Hearts?
We whom one happy loving Island holds,
Of the same Sex, the same blest Faith embrace ;
And one rich Blood travels through both our Veins.
Shou'd we thus meet, and at a distance talk ?

Qu. E. Support me *Cecil*, for I sink with shame.

Qu. M. The beauteous *Margaret*, your Royal Aunt,
Whose right and lawful Grand-daughter I am,
Met not my Grand-father, the valiant *James*,
With such a scornful and revengeful Brow ;
For if she had, I never had been born,
And you not known the hated Queen of *Scotland*.

Qu. E. Heav'ns lift me from this place where I am rooted;
On Wings of Angels bear me to her Arms.

Qu. M. What ever contrary Effect it works
In your hard Breast, I'm sure that part of you
That is in mine, torments me to get forth ;
Bounds upward, and leaps outward to embrace you ;
My whole Blood starts ———

Qu. E. And mine can hold no longer ———
My Sister ! Oh ———

[*Queen Elizabeth runs
and embraces her.*]

Qu. M. Can this be real ?

Qu. E. Ah turn not from me, lest you force me now
To sink into the Earth low as my Crimes,
Deeper than Hell, whereto that Cruelty
Is fled, that parted us so long asunder ———
Throw thy lov'd Arms as I do mine about thee,
And never feel less Joy than I do now.
Oh, 'Tis too great, it is unspeakable !
Cleave to my Breast, for I want words to tell.

Qu. M. Then farewell hence all Miseries and Wrongs,
 Forgiveness now and Pleasures fill my Breast.
 Mine were not half so great when I espous'd,
 And threw these Arms about young *Francis* Neck,
 And laid me down the Queen of half the World.
 I feel the Blood of our glad Ancestors,
 The Spirit of every brave *Plantagenet*,
 Glow through my Cheeks, and start up to my Lips,
 To parley with, to wonder at, to kiss
 Their Royal Brothers hovering upon thine.
 I rave, I am distracted with the Joy;
 It is too great; for fence, I faint, I dye.

Qu. E. Look down you Powers, take notice how I love her,
 Worshipp this Token as glad Saints receive
 Angels when sent Embassadors from Heaven.

Qu. M. O let me go, let ravish'd *Mary* go;
 Give my wild Joy some breath, some Room to walk in,
 Or I shall burst into ten thousand Atoms,
 As many pieces as y'ave murdering Charms——
 Here, take me, kill, or quickly carry me
 Back to the dreadful Prison from whence I came;
 A thousand years of pain is not enough
 For this one moment of Seraphick joy;
 That she is kind, and thinks me innocent!
 Sound Heav'n, me innocent! that one word's more
 Than Tongue can speak, or all e're said before.

Qu. E. Ah Royal *Mary*! urge no more my Guilt,
 But blot it from thy Breast, as I from mine ——
 Down on your Knees all that regard my Frowns;
 Behold your Queens; both *Scotch* and *English* hear;
 Let my dread Voice far as the Winds be heard,
 From Silver *Thames* to Golden *Tweed* proclaim,
 With harmony of Drums and Trumpets sound,
 Not her, nor me alone, not One, but both,
 Sound *Mary* and *Elizabeth* your Queens.

Qu. M. O be less kind, lest Heav'n shou'd snatch my Joys,
 And hoard'em up for Deities themselves;
 For they're too great for Mortal fence to bear.
 Here I'll not change my happy State to be

[To her At-
 tendants.

Greater than *Cæsar*, *Philips* mad-brain'd Son,
Or sweating *Atlas* with the Globe upon him.

Qu. E. I do her wrong to keep her from new Joys.
Each moment shall beget, each hour bring forth
Fresh Pleasures and rich Welcomes to delight her.
Prepare her Table, deck her Bed of State ;
Let her Apartment shine with golden Arras,
Richer than e're was wrought in *Persian* Loom.
Strew Perfumes in her Way, sweeter than Incense,
Rare as the Sun sucks ev'ry Morning up,
And sweet as is the Breath upon her Lips.
Soft Musick sound whene're she wakes or sleeps,
Musick as sweet, harmonious, and as still
As does this soft and gentle Bosom fill.

Norf. See the Queen's Orders instantly obey'd.

Qu. E. Thus let us go with hand in hand combin'd,
The White Cross with the Red thus ever joyn'd.
England with *Scotland* shall no longer jar,
Nor *Albany* with *Albion* no more War ;
But thus we'll live, and walk thus ev'ry day,
Till from the Verge of Life we drop away.
So have I seen two Streams with eager pace,
Hasten to meet, and lovingly embrace ;
Making one Current as we make one Soul,
Till Arm in Arm they in the Ocean roll.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACTUS

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Scena Prima.

Cecil, Davison, *severally.*

Cec. **W**Eep *Davison*, and drown thy Head in Tears,
Or let thy Tongue for Eloquence so fam'd,
Be mute for ever or like Schriech Owls howl,
If thou want'st Words to mitigate his Crime,
And Charm with Pity the offended Queen.
The gallant Duke, the Darling of the World,
The *Scipio*, the delight of Mankind's seiz'd.
You came from searching of his Papers, say,
What hopes have his sad Friends that he will clear
Himself?

Dav. O none! The false accursed *Morton*
That fir'd the Duke's fond Passion to the Queen,
Then like a Villain to his Foes betray'd him;
This Serpent of Delusion has discover'd
What e're the brave and generous-hearted Man
Did in his harmless Mind intrust him with.

Cec. What Circumstance or Sign of any Treason
Amongst his Letters found you?

Dav. Very little,
Besides his aim to wed the Queen of *Scotland*;
Yet one thing paints some Colour of a Guilt.
It does appear he furnish'd her with Money
To aid her Friends in *Scotland*; who, you know
Do at this time invade our *English* Borders.
Here is the Paper, which, alas, was found
Under the Mat beneath poor *Norfolk's* Bed,
Plac'd there on purpose, as suppos'd by all,
By *Hickford*, a Domestick of the Duke's,
Who, apprehended, has accus'd his Master —

Read

Read here a List of several Lords his Friends,
As *Arundel*, *Southampton*, and the rest,
All order'd to be taken.

Cec. Cursed Chance !

What temper holds the Queen in this extream ?

Dav. Fiery and cool again in ev'ry Breath,
At once she sighs and pities the fall'n Man,
And the same moment rages and upbraids him.

Cec. O she must worse be stung before to Morrow !
How will she bear her self when she shall know
The foul Conspiracy of *Babington* !

Place *Gifford* ready as the Queen comes forth,
'Tis dangerous to conceal it any longer.

Methinks I pity less Queen *Mary's* Fate,
Since it has cost the Ruine of the Duke——
See where 'a comes ; wou'd *Cecil* had no eyes ;
Yet he bears manly up, rears his stout Head
Like a brave Vessel in a Storm, and scatters
Bright Beams of Majesty through all his Clouds.

Enter the Duke Guarded. Guards cry, room for the Duke.

Norf. Room for the Duke ! Room for no Duke, no Lord ;
The Emblem of expiring Greatness rather.
Man is the truest Dial of his Fate ;
His Princes Favour and the Sun at Noon
Shews not a thing so beautiful and great ;
Whilst he,

(As the proud Peacock that abhors his Feet)
Sees not his growing Shadow on the Ground.
Cecil, thou and false *Leicester* have undone me,
Brought by thy cruel caution in these Fetters,
And by the Villain *Morton* thus betray'd.

Cec. These Tears be Witnesses I never meant it.

Norf. My Lord, I do believe you ; but you are
Too good a States-Man, and too nice a Friend.
What e're wise *Cecil* can have hopes to gain,
Perhaps to heap a Mass of Wealth and Fame ;
Yet cruel Policy ne're prosper'd long,
And thou may'st once lye loath'd as any Slave,
Condemn'd by all, and hated in the Grave.

Cec. By all that's just, you wrong the Love I bear you —
Behold the Queen — I'll gain your Life, Brave Duke!
Or venture mine.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lords, Davison, Women and Attendants..

Most merciful and mighty!
Behold your *Cecil* bends that ne're yet kneel'd
To you in vain — O spare the gallant Duke,
And I will promise, and himself shall swear
Henceforth to prove the faithfull'st of your Subjects,
And from this hour abjure the Queen of Scotland.

Norf. Hold *Burleigh*, go no farther for the Globe;
If the least Word, that I'll abjure the Queen,
'Scapes from thy Tongue, by yon bright Heav'n 'tis false.
That I'll ask pardon, tho' I never wrong'd you,
'Tis but a Word, and I will do it thus.

[*Kneels.*

For Kings are like Divinities on Earth,
Whom none can serve, but must sometimes offend.
But to deny my Love, and to disclaim her!

(*Rises.*

O ye bright Powers! abjure my *Alban* Queen!
First let me grovel in the worst of Dungeons,
Flat like a Toad, and feed on Damps and Vapours,
A thousand years, if I could live so long.
What! for to save my Life! a hated Scull!
Had I as many Heads as I have Hairs
To be shear'd off me like a Field of Corn,
Yet, after that, not one shou'd be so base,
But ev'ry Head shou'd speak and sound her Name.

Qu. E. You'l find, bold Duke, this One has said too much,
And done more than a Thousand Heads can answer.
What, am I brav'd? by *Mary's* Champion threaten'd!
Carry him to th' Tower hence, and from the Peers
Chuse three and thirty Lords to be his Judges.
He have him try'd to morrow, and if guilty
Beheaded strait, send his ambitious Head
To travel for that airy Crown it lookt for,
And tell me when 'tis off, if then it falls
Or calls out for his *Alban* Queen to help him.

Mary, Queen of Scotland.

43

O, where my Soul, is there a Friend that's just?
Or after him a Man that I can trust.

}

[*Aside.*

Norf. You need not doubt it; for by Heav'n I will.
That dying Martyr who invokes her Name,
Calls for more aid than all the Saints above.
She is her self Salvation; but for her,
This Isle had been like flaming *Aetna* found,
Or, as the World was, with the Ocean drown'd.

Qu. E. She's false, and thou a most ungrateful Traytor.
Here's *Morton*, *Cecil*, all the World can witness
Thou didst aspire to marry her and get my Crown,
With her Consent.

Norf. By the Immortal Judge I am betray'd,
And she's abus'd by Villains.
Cecil will not, no honest Man dar's say it,
But *Morton* as the worst of Devils may.
O she's so good, so Innocent, and mild,
That *Scotland*, wert thou curst to this degree,
Shou'd all thy Seed there sow'd yield nought but Poysons,
And pregnant Women bring forth none but *Mortons*,
Thou hast atton'd for all such ills in breeding Her.

Qu. E. Away with him, and let me never see
That Head again, but on a Pinacle.

Norf. Bear Witness all you Powers, I bear it mildly,
And for my Fate I kneel again and bless you.
May you live ever, and for *Norfolks* Death
Ne're sleep a moment of your Life the worse,
But pass your soft Eternity away
With Angels Days, and Lovers blessed Nights —
But for the injur'd Queen I rise inspir'd;
And tho' a threaten'd Prophet, yet dare speak.
When e're She falls, which both the blest in Heav'n,
And damn'd in Hell forbid: If you believe
And punish not those Villains that betray'd her;
Loud Cherubins to Earth your Guilt shall sound,
Which worse than the Last Trumpet shall rebound;
Wake or asleep her Image shall appear,
And always hollow *Mary* in your Ear.

Cec. Now, *Davison's* the Time.

[*Exit Duke Guarded.*

Dav. May't please your Majesty,
What shall be done with the offending Queen?

Qu. E. Nothing, bold, saucy Pen-man, I say nothing.
Send *Norfolk* to the Tower; but on your Lives
I charge you, use no Violence on Her.
Make not such haste; too soon you'll break this Heart,
Then glut your selves with cutting off of Heads.

Dav. Then so much for the Duke——Call *Gifford* in.

Enter Gifford.

If you are drown'd, steep'd in a Lethargy
Of Love and o'regrown Mercy to this Queen,
And will not op'n your Eyes to see your danger,
Then we that are your watchful Servants must——
Behold and hear; for 'tis so loud and plain,
That 'twill astonish ev'ry Sense within you.
This Man, this honest man, whose Statue ought
To be set up in gold in all your streets,
Inspir'd by Heav'n, discovers that himself,
With five bold Ruffians more were all set on
By *Mary Queen of Scots* to murder you.

Qu. E. To murder me!

Cec. Forbid it Heav'n and Stars,
To kill the Queen!

Dav. With Sacraments they bound it.
More horrid than e're *Catiline* invented,
Who, to 'slave *Rome*, ty'd it with humane Blood.
First view the Monsters pictur'd to the Life,
Each with a several Instrument of Fate
Way'd in his Hand, with which to Hell they swore,
If either of them fail'd to cut you off.

Qu. E. Preserve me Heaven!

[*Produces the Tablets.*
Queen takes the Tablets
in her Hand.]

Dav. What, do's it make you start?
Do these odd Hieroglyphicks make you wonder?
The Rogue that fir'd the gawdy Fane at *Ephesus*,
Deserv'd to be a Saint to these; he strove
But for a little Memory after Death;
But these before, presumptuously defy

Heav'n, and the World, t'anticipate the Blow,
And tell Mankind they glory in the Deed.

Qu. E. What's here? a Latin Verse, which he that is
The Chief, does seem to bellow from his Mouth;
These are Companions chos'n and fit for such a danger—
Here is thy Face makes one amongst the Villains.

Giff. With horror I confess it.

Qu. E. Name the rest.

Giff. I will; but wonder when you hear what Men
Of several Stations clubb'd to do this Mischief.
The Elements were not more aptly mixt
To make a perfect World, as they to do a Deed,
Wou'd startle Nature and unfix the Globe,
And hurl it from its Axel Tree and Hinges.
This first is *Bibington*, Rich, and of Birth,
Might lift him to be rank'd amongst the Nobles;
Young, proud and daring, fiery and ambitious.

[Pointing to the
Tablets.

Qu. E. I know the Gentleman of *Derbyshire*.
He came to me for leave to go to *France*.

Giff. The same.

Qu. E. O horrid! Who can read a Villain?
How subtly Nature paints, hides a false Heart,
And shroud's a Traitor in an Angels Garb!
The next.

Giff. *Tillny* a Courtier.

Cec. What, the Queen's own Servant?

Dav. I know him too, his Father's only Hopes,
Heir to a great Estate. O Parricide!

Giff. This, *Barnvel*, turbulent, and precipitate.
A bloody minded Wretch fit for the Deed;
Of *Ireland*.

Cec. I believe each Word thou utter'st.
Without his Country it had been no Plot.

Giff. *Savage*, a Russian of the worst degree,
And never to be painted as he is;
Stew'd in a Brothel house, and tann'd in Blood.

Qu. E. O Queen! O Mary! where's thy Refuge now?

Giff. The fifth is *Chirnock*, Student of the Law.
Lastly, to make the Compound great, my Self.

Qu. E. I've heard too much.

If this be true, how shall I help thee now?

Boldly this Breast has stood the Shock, but now
Can hold no longer—hence, be dumb for ever.

O for the quiet that my Mind has lost,
My Crown I'de give, a Kingdom I'de bestow,
But for the sweet Repose my Soul last Night
Enjoy'd—Hear Heav'n, deny me not this Prayer;
Curse me with Madness, blast me with Diseases,
Melt this loath'd Crown away like scalding Lead,
Turn all my Hairs to Snakes upon my Head,
And in a Dungeon let me long lament;
All I'll endure, make her but innocent.

Cec. 'Tis fit you double all your Strength about you,
And let the Queen immediately be seiz'd.

Qu. E. 'Tis false, she is abus'd, and all is forg'd.

She is not, can't, nor shall she guilty be.

Confess it, do, and I'll forgive you all;

I now command you, nay, intreat you too,
Be merciful to your tormented Queen,

And O, restore my Sister's Innocence again.

See, Monster, Villain, Fury, Devil, Priest!

Be sure thou prov'st this Crime upon my Sister,

Be sure thou dost, without the smallest doubt,

Or I will have thee hang'd to touch the Sky,

For Sun to burn thee, and the Clouds to quench thee,

To shew to Heav'n, to shew to Earth below,

The Wretch so curst, and banisht both for ever.

Or I will have thee long, long years a dying,

Feed thee by Weight to starve, a Grain a day,

Whilst thy rack'd flesh whole Ages shall decay,

And Spirits by slow degrees distil away.

Yet, O! 'Tis all too little to recal

That wealthy Mass of quiet thou hast robb'd me off.

Cec. 'Tis the Request of all your faithful Subjects,

That you'd be pleas'd to seize the Queen of Scotland,

Least she should act what is but yet design'd.

Dav. Your sacred Life's in hazard ev'ry hour,

For Heav'n's sake, and for pity to your self,

For all your Nations Lives, think on the Danger.

[To Gifford.

}

[Cecil and Davison kneel.

Cec.

Cec. Thus lower yet, we beg you wou'd consent, [*Fall prostrate.*
Or your Court-Gates will ne're be free from Throngs
Of your poor People, who with Groans and Cries,
Will force you to't in Kindness to your self.

Qu. E. Rise, *Cecil*——

Let the Conspirators be apprehended,
Of whom'this *Gifford* gives you information.

Cec. And not the Queen?

Qu. E. Spare my Sisters Life ;
If nothing but a Queens Blood will content you,
Take mine, ye ravenous Wolves.

Cec. Alas!——

Qu. E. Be gone, why was this hid from me so long ?
Yeave robb'd me of my rest, eternal rest.
If this be real, I had soon been dead,
And then ne're felt the Blow, 'cause unexpected ;
But now ten thousand Deaths are not so painful,
As this curst Life, which thou dost strive to save ;
My Soul is wrack'd, my Reputation, All
In this loath'd Act, that thou wou'dst have me do.

Cec. Whose Soul, whose Reputation will be rack'd,
And censur'd with severest Plagues from Heaven,
If by your fond Neglect, you loose that Life,
Intrusted by the Powers to guard your Nations,
And leave your Laws and Liberties betray'd,
Your Subjects all a Prey to forreign Yoaks,
Dye and bequeath the Dagger in your heart,
To brood and get a hundred thousand more,
Perhaps as many as your Subjects Throats——
Nay, we must speak, think what you will, and weep,
Since not to tell you, is to be more cruel.

Qu. E. O *Cecil*! rather, how shou'd I be blam'd,
To take this Guest so quickly from my Bosom,
And shut her in a Grate——Mark what I tell thee,
'Twas but last Night she had another Prison ;
When she did throw her Arms about my Neck,
Her cheeks laid close to mine, methought I drew
Such Sweets, as *Eden's* Flowers send up to Heav'n,
Whilst from her Lips flew warm *Arabian* Sighs,
And from her Eyes a Shower of Pearls ran down ;

Then

Then with a Tone, sweet as an Angels voice,
Now let me dye, she said, 'tis all I wish,
Since I have her within my Arms I love.
And she protests, and says, she loves me too.

Cec. There's now no time for Answers nor Disputes,
Either resolve her Fate, or bear your own.

Qu. E. Be gone, I charge you, tempt my Breast no more ;
Cur Sex is made of mildness, Love and Pity ;
Take from me first the softness of a Woman.
Were I the hot revengeful Monster, Man,
A Man ! a Beast, a fierce *Hyrcanian* Tiger ;
Nay, were I *Cecil*, I'de not be so cruel.

Cec. Then, since you'l shut your Ears to all safe Counsel,
To what kind Heav'n acquaints you with by us ;
Bear Witness those Cælestial Powers, and you
My Queen, that *Cecil* has discharg'd his Duty,
And clears himself of the approaching Danger ;
But e're that dreadful day of your Eclipse,
Come *Davison*, let thee and I go wander,
Far we'l remove, where such a horrid Deed
Shall never blast our Eyes, nor curse our Ears.
Here, take my Staff, I've serv'd you well and long ;
We'l not stay here to be good Counsels Martyr,
And to be torn in pieces by the Rabble,
When you are dead, which we forwarn'd you off.
Farewel ———

[Lays down his
Staff.]

Let us be ne're so cautious in our Aim,
A Kings Miscarriage is the States-mans Blame.

[Offer to be gone.]

Qu. E. Stay, I command you take it up again ———
Arrest a Crown ! impeach a Sovereign Queen !
The Majesty of Heav'n forbid the thought ———
Nay, if I think I never shall consent.

Here, take my Crown, depose me first, or kill me,
Let *Gifford's* Dagger do its fatal Office,
Then like a Nest of Tyrants you may raig, n,
And under publick Laws do publick Wrongs,
But Royal Power can never be so cruel.

Cec. Behold she comes, command we apprehend her.

Qu. E. Who'd be that Monarch, who that wretched thing,
Whose Slaves make Laws, and People are the King ?

You

You have my Leave, do with her as you please——
Now Tyrants send me strait, where by your Power,
These cruel Eyes may never see her more.

Queen Elizabeth going off, Queen Mary enters at the other Door, and speaks to her, who returns.

Qu. M. Turn, turn your Face, and give one long'd for Look,
My charming Queen! the Morning's past, and yet
I have not seen those Eyes that blest the Morn.
Shroud not those Looks where Beams of Mercy shine,
And Pity sits inthron'd with Majesty.
I hear the Duke of *Norfolk's* in displeasure;
Forgive the brave unhappy Man——
Why do you sigh? why hang you down your Head, [*Queen Eliza-*
As loth to grant?—Can mercy plead in vain? *beth turns her Face.*
Nay, then I'll hold you with these Chains of Love,
Lean my glad Cheek upon your God-like Cheek, [*Queen Mary of-*
And sow fresh Kisses where my last are fled; *fers to embrace her.*
This Language charm'd you once, this greeting pleas'd you.

Qu. E. Now *Cecil*, rescue me, or I am lost.

Dav. Guards, execute your Orders on the Queen. [*Cecil and Da-*
We beg your Majesty for love of Fame, *vison get on each hand*
By your unbias'd Rule, and Charms of Justice, *of Queen Elizabeth.*
Resume your wonted Courage, and rouse up
An awful and offended Majesty.

Cec. For now your Wisdom, Crown and Life's at Stake,
Nay more, the Lives of all your faithful Subjects, [*The Guards whif-*
For this one precious Moment of your Conduct. *per Queen Mary.*

Qu. M. I will obey. Your Orders fright not me,
Nor move my Soul so lately us'd to Wrongs——
What is my Crime?—Yet wherefore do I ask?
For Chains look better far about these Wrists,
Than Diamonds, and Tears hang on my Neck
More beautiful than strings of Orient Pearl.

Qu. E. Ah cruel Princess! we are both undone;
You've robb'd your Sisters Breast of all it's wealth,
Lost a dear Friend, and robb'd me of your Self.

Dav. Mary, late Queen of Scotland, y'are impeach'd
By th' name of *Mary Stuart* of High Treason,

For plotting to usurp our Sovereign's Crown,
And hiring *Babington* to kill the Queen.

Qu. M. Heav'n's, Thrones and Angels guard the Innocent,
The Gorgon is at last disclos'd to view.
What, kill my Sister! hurt your precious Life!
O Monster of Invention! cursed Lyar;
And oh damn'd Calumny begot in Hell!
Nay, then I see my Ruine is conspir'd,
The Duke must dye, and I must suffer too.
But cruel Foes, had you no way but this,
To blast me with eternal Infamy?
And oh bright Vengeance! is there none in store,
No Pity in the Heav'n's, no Thunder left!
Protect the wrong'd, and strike the Guilty dead,
Lest men suspect that you are great and good.
Will you that rain down Providence on all,
And ev'ry living Insect claims a share?
Will you, I say, shut fast your cruel Doors,
Now when a Queen, an injur'd Queen implores?

Qu. E. Inroaching Pity, stop thy flowing Torrent,
And ebbing Nature sink to that extream,
As cruel *Brutus* that condemn'd his Son;
For this is now my Tryal.

[*Aside.*

Qu. M. Say amongst you,
Where is that Man or Devil that dare accuse me?

Dav. The Villain has confest his Guilt and yours,
With Letters that you sign'd to do the Deed.

Qu. M. Hear, hear deaf Heav'n, and all you Guard of Princes!
You backward Thunder burst from forth your Prisons,
And strike the Offender, strike curst *Mary* dead,
If I'me that Wretch, O spare it not for me!
Heard you,

How they did slander Majesty so loud?
And can you bear it? Half these Veins are yours,
My Royal Title, tender Sex the same,
Doubly of Kin, in Royalty and Blood,
And can you hear your Sister, hear your Self so wrong'd?

Qu. E. Alas, I am like one that sees far off,
Have all the wishes I can think to save you,
But gagg'd and bound, and cannot stir to help you.

Qu. M.

Qu. M. This *Babington*, who ne're yet curst my sight,
Must be some Villain hir'd to do this Treason,
And lay it upon me ; but bear me witness,
You high, imperial, and eternal Truth,
That of disjoynted Atoms form'd the Sun,
The shining Heav'ns, the Planets, and the World,
So wonderful and glorious as they are ;
Who sees into the Soul and all its walks
Through this dark Mould transparent as a Glas ?
O may these blubber'd Eyes worshipp'd like Stars,
Drop from this Visage once like Heav'n ador'd,
And leave this Face a Death's-head to be shunn'd ;
Or may that curst Hand, this Hand, or This
That once was fragrant with the Breath of Kings,
That kneel'd to kils this wrong'd, this innocent hand ;
May it rot from me like a wither'd Branch,
From this vile Stock, and never sprout again,
If e're I saw the Man, or sign'd such Letter.

Q. E. 'Tis time for me to go, is't not my Jaylors ?
I have seen more than any Panther cou'd —
Farewel.

Qu. M. O stay and mingle kindness with your Justice !
I beg not for my self, but for my Fame,
To dy's no shame, but to dye branded is :
For tho' hereafter, when my Story's told,
Good men inspir'd with pity of my Wrongs,
May say my Innocence was basely stain'd,
Yet with the Bad 'tis ne're to be regain'd.

Qu. E. Farewel, 'tis Cruelty in me to go,
But worse to stay.

Qu. M. Yet I intreat you ;
Give me a Weapon, I'll unhrip this Bosome,
There you may see wrong'd Innocence inthron'd,
My Heart may be believ'd, tho' I am not,
Behold the naked Passions ebb and flow,
Ev'n as my Griefs swell or exhaust the Tide.

Qu. E. Yet loose, for pity of us both let go,
The world has not so griev'd a wretch as I,
And thou lay'st hold upon so weak a Bough.
That the least pull will sink me quire with thee.

Qu. M. Hear me, thou deaf and cruel Queen!—ah no,
Thou mild as Babes, and merciful as Saints,
In whose soft Breast is all the Angels Pity,
Hear but this last, this Execration —
Neither —

Then to just Heaven I kneel, but not to thee,
And you compleat my Curses if I lie.
If e're I had a thought to hurt your Life,
A thought less mild than Virgins in their Prayers,
Here may my Knees take root, and Body grow
A Monster foul as ever *Nilus* bred,
May these quick drops that Innocence do shew
Poyson the Parts and Eyes through which they flow,
And from their Seeds thus sown upon the Earth,
May Serpents, Adders, Fiends and Devils take Birth,
And with their frightful Tallons seize me straight,
And drag me into Hell if you I hate.

Dav. Tho' clear and spotless as the Sun you are,
Yet that must be examin'd by the Peers,
The Law must quit you.

Qu. M. Must the Law then judge me?
Nay, then I'll rise with shame from this mean Posture.
And now I feel the Majesty of Kings
Dart from above to hear it self prophan'd,
Stretching my Soul and Limbs to such a vastness,
As the first Race of Mankind's e're the Flood,
When Gods, and God-like Gyants rul'd the world.
Come, bring me straight to this accurst Tribunal,
Then all the Courage and Divinity,
Of my imperial Ancestors inspire
This Breast, from *Fergus* first to *James* my Son,
Last of his Race that sway'd the *Scottish* Globe
For fifteen hundred years, shine through my Face,
Print on my Forehead ev'ry awful Grace,
Defend your Royal Right, and for me plead,
Shoot from my Eyes, and strike my Judges dead.

Qu. E. Grief ties my Speech, and Pity drowns my Eyes.

Qu. M. Pity'd by you! I will not dye so meanly,
No, tho' in Chains, yet I'm more brave and free,
Scorn thy base Mercy, and do pity thee;

Thou canst not take my Life, but if thou dares.
I'll leave a Race as numerous as the Stars,
Whilst thou shalt fall with Barrenness accurst,
And thy tormented Spirit with Envy burst,
To see thy Crown on *Mary's* Issue shine,
And *England* ever blest with *Scotland's* Line.

[Exit Queen Mary with Guards.

Qu. E. Stay Sister, stay — Come back into my Arms.
Run and release her, quick.

Cec. Your Majesty —

Qu. E. O'tis too late — Leave, leave me to my Rage.
You'd better hear the Dooms-day Trumpet sound,
Than wake my Fury with another Word.
She's gone, dragg'd from me by the cruel Laws,
Nor can I tear her from these Vultures Claws,
But oh, like the distracted Mother roar,
Whose Child a Wolf had from its Cradle bore,
Hast's to its Aid, and all the way in vain,
To Heav'n and to the Savage does complain,
Speaks the Beast kind, till hearing as a flies,
Betwixt his Teeth, her tender Infants Cries;
Then she adds wings, and in her Flight does rave,
With eager Hopes its precious Life to save;
But finds the Monster with her Bowels gor'd,
And in her sight, its panting Limbs devour'd.

[Exeunt Omnes.

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACT

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Scena Prima.

Morton, Davison, Severally.

Mor. **W**ELL have we met, thou *Machiavel* of *England*!
And Rival to great *Cecil* in his Fame;
There's something of Importance on thy Brow!
Where's to be read the great Delinquents Fate.

Dav. Queen *Mary* is condemn'd, and which is worse,
The Sentence of the Duke must rest no longer,
And *Norfolk* is this hour to lose his Head.

Mor. The Plot of *Barny* to release the Duke,
Was wisely made to urge his speedy End.

Dav. And, but for that, 'twas thought he might been pardon'd,
His Circumstance of Treason was so slight.
Poor Duke! The most unfortunate and brave!
He comes to meet his Death without these Walls,
Where she must enter and prepare for hers;
And Chance, alas! may be so kind or cruel,
To let them meet — Her Sentence was pronounc'd,
And she preparing hither in her Barge.

Mor. How did the haughty Queen submit her self?

Dav. This high-Commission which consisted of
All the Queens Lords, and Counsellors of State,
Of which my self was one, with five of th' Judges,
Made up next Heav'n, the Godlik'st great Tribunal,
Which she deny'd, and scorn'd 'em as too base
To sit upon, and judge a Sovereign Queen.

Mor. How cou'd you then proceed?

Dav. The Court o'resway'd it as a wrong Objection,
And said, they wou'd not try her then as Queen,
But as a person tak'n into Protection
Of *Englands* Laws, and therefore but a Subject.

Mor.

Mor. A quaint Distinction that, and like your Lawyers;
But since it serves our Ends, no matter how.

Dav. At last, having deny'd with Constancy,
The legal Power of this Imperial Court,
And finding they were all resolv'd against her,
As a rare Swimmer shiprack'd on the Ocean,
A vast and dreadful distance from the Shore,
And hopeless grown with all his Art to gain it,
Gives himself o're contentedly to drown;
So she fate down, and mildly then submitted.

Mor. Were her two Secretaries heard in Court?

Dav. No, tho' she still did urge to have 'em brought,
Pleading that *Navus* was a Forreigner,
And might, for fear of Tortures and the Wrack,
Be threaten'd to accuse her wrongfully;
Curl too she said, a timorous byass'd Man,
Wou'd sign to any thing that *Navus* wrote.

Mor. But what was the most stabbing Proof against her?

Dav. Her Correspondence had with *Babington*;
So by the fatal Oaths of two false Servants,
Never seen Face to Face to be confronted,
But more, to buy the safety of the Nation,
She was at last condemn'd, and soon must dye.

Mor. But, as the Prophet in the guiltless Ship,
Was thrown into the Sea to appease the Tempest;
If she on Land has rais'd a Storm to wrack us,
'Tis fit She should be sacrific'd as he was.

Dav. Behold the Duke's just coming forth to dye——
The Queen is entring too——'Tis as I fear'd. [*Exeunt Morton and Davison.*]

Enter Queen Mary with Dowglas attended, at one Door, and Norfolk going to Execution at the other; they meet.

Qu. M. Must the brave Duke receive his Death to day?

Dov. Alas! see where he comes, a Sight will kill you!

Qu. M. Quick, drive me, scourge me, lash me from this Place——
Will the Queens Malice hunt me to the last?
Was there no Time but now? no Way but this?
O lead me through some Passage under ground,
Some horrid Vault, or Hell, but to avoid him!

Norfolk.

Norf. My Queen! my lovely *Alban* Queen! sure I'me
Already dead, and this the happy Place
Where Souls like hers receive their blest Rewards.

Qu. M. Turn wretched Duke, or e're Death seals thy Eyes,
This moment tear 'em out, as I wou'd mine.
Shun me, as, if thou could'st, thy horrid Fate,
Or a Goblin damn'd.

Norf. What says my Goddess Queen?

Qu. M. Is not your wrong'd and mighty Spirit shockt?
And Death a much more welcome Guest than I?
And worse to see me than to feel the Blow?

Norf. By all your Wrongs and mine——

Qu. M. O come not near me——
'Tis said a murder'd Body when 'tis cold,
And all it's Veins froz'n and congeal'd by Death,
When he approaches near that did the Deed,
Warn'd by the mighty Power of just Revenge,
Pours a warm Flood, and bleeds afresh again.
Why dart you not a Peal of Curses on me?
Your Eyes *Promethean* Fire to blast my Soul!
And why don't ev'ry Hair upon thy Head,
Arm like the bristled Porcupine against me?

Norf. Lov's Wounds may bleed afresh; but no Grief else.
The Ax, these Guards, and this grim Pomp of Death,
Stir me no more than acted in a Play.
My Lov's immortal and can fear no Fate,
Nor feel a Terrour but to part with you,
And cou'd I but redeem your precious Life,
I'd fly to meet the Torments of the Damn'd
A thousand years, and dye thus ev'ry day.

Qu. M. Alas, most pity'd Prince! force not these drops,
Tears the kind Balm to ease all tortur'd Breasts
But mine, and mine finds no Relief—Be gone—oh no;
For you must ne're return——Let me be gone.

Norf. For Death I am prepar'd, but not to leave you.

Qu. M. The dearest Friends ne're make a stir at parting.
Before so small a Journey as we take.

'Twill not be long, some two or three short days,
Or hou'rs perhaps, and we shall meet again.
We both are in the Ballance weigh'd for Death,

You in the bottom Scale that's next the Grave,
And I hang wavering in uncertain hopes
Above, but when y'are mounted up to Heav'n,
I then shall drop where you'ar now going, to Earth.

Norf. By Heav'n the Queen, the hungry Tigress durst not.
What! shed the Blood, the Sacred Blood of Kings!
'Twere Blasphemy in Angels to suspect it.
But if she dare, I will my self descend,
And arm'd with Legions in the shades below,
Stand Century in the utmost Gap of Fate,
And drive your beauteous Spirit back to be
Inshrin'd within this sacred Mould again.

Q. M. Ah Duke! are you so cruel and unkind?
I had but two priz'd Friends within this Bosome,
The Queen and you, and she forbids me Earth,
And you deny me Heav'n——Hear me Friend,
Thou with the Vizour; if thou'rt Death, be not
Asham'd to shew thy Face, for I can dare thee.
How long hast thou been practis'd in this Art?
And how many brave Heads hast thou cut off?
Why dost not speak?

[To the Heads-
man.]

Dow. He's not the publick Heads-man,
But one whose horrid Zeal has brib'd his Hand:
The common Executioner, who proffer'd
A mighty Sum refus'd to do the Deed.

Norf. Can there be Conscience found in such as He?
What Villain then art thou?

Qu. M. Thou art some Bungler, and com'st
To learn thy Trade on this brave wretched Man.
If thou shou'dst fail at once to take his Head,
Be sure you sever mine off at a Blow.

Norf. Away, your Danger spurs me on my Race.
Swift as the Mind can think, my Soul shall fly,
And make the Scaffold but one step to Heav'n.

Qu. M. And till I come, your happiness to see,
Kneel and atone th'offended Powers for me.

Norf. Yes, all the shining Host shall plead your Cause,
The nearest Saints to the Imperial Chair,
Shall still repeat it in th' Almighty's Ear,
Whil'st round the dazling Throne, Queen Mary's Wrongs

Shall be the Subject of the Angels Songs.
 Whilst the great Deity for Revenge shall call,
 All Heav'n shall shake, the Universe be aw'd,
 But Rebel *England* feel the angry God.

Qu. M. Farewel.

Our Souls a joyful Meeting soon shall feel.

Norfolk. But to our Bodies here, a long Farewel.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Queen Elizabeth alone.

Qu. E. A Midnight Silence sits upon the Morn;
 The Eye of Day shuts, as afraid already,
 And seems the setting, not the rising Sun.
 Behold, a Crown, a Scepter, and Regalia's;
 Without, two Kingdoms full of flattering Subjects,
 Watching my Looks, and waiting on my Nod;
 Yet where's the Quiet? where's the Freedom here?

[*Crown and Regalia's on a Table.*]

Enter Cecil and Davison, with Commissioners from both Houses.

Dav. My Lord, I fear we have transgress'd too far
 Upon the Queens most private Thoughts——

Cec. Thoughts or no thoughts, I must and will awake her;
 Yet hold, do you with these retire a while,
 And I'll wait near till she is pleas'd to call.

Qu. E. *Norfolk* is dead;
 His Body's freed from Pain, his mind from fear,
 And feels like me no doleful Beatings here——
 Curst be this Crown, and this loath'd Scene of Power,
 And curst this Head that e're the Magick wore.
 The careless Shepherd now feels no such Sting,
 More lov'd, obey'd, and happier than a King:
 His Subjects do not one another hate
 For Malice, nor for Jealousie of State;
 But harmlesly the Ewe and crested Ram
 Walk Side by Side, and guard the tender Lamb.
 This from some Bank beholds the Joyful Hind,
 Tuning his Pipe, harmonious as his Mind,
 Views all around, more blest than from a Throne,
 Possessing all, and yet does nothing own——

Who's there? wellcome kind *Cecil* to relieve me;
 Welcome I hope, to rid this Breast from pain.
 What say the Houses to their Queens demand?
 Shall my dear Sister live? shall I be happy?

Cec. Here's *Davison* commission'd from the Commons, [Re-enter *Davison* and *Commissioners*.
 And I from all the Lords, with both their Answers.

Qu. E. Thanks my dear People—faithful *Davison*!
 Speak, for my soul now starts to meet the sound.

Dav. May't please your Majesty, your Loyal Commons,
 To what you bid e'm think, that Mercy shou'd
 Be shewn to one of *Maries* Dignity and Sex,
 And near Relation that in Blood she's to you.
 They humbly offer, that no Sex nor Title,
 Nay, were they sprung from the same Royal Father,
 Ought to protect Offenders 'gainst their Sovereign;
 And boldly tell you, Mercy is a Crime,
 When it is shewn to one that has no Mercy.
 She wou'd have tak'n your Life, which is not safe
 As long as *Mary* lives;

Whom if you save, in hopes that Heav'n will spare you,
 Is not to trust th' Almighty, but provoke him.

Qu. E. Is this the Censure then of the most wise,
 And Arbitrary Commons?

Dav. Mightiest Queen!
 Do not miscall what is your Subjects Loves,
 Their only Zeal is for your Royal Safety,
 To whom one moment of your precious Welfare,
 Is far more worth than all their Lives and Fortunes.

Qu. E. The Commons, let e'm mean my Hurt or Fame,
 They never want to give it a kind Name.

Dav. To that Objection of your Majesty;
 That this may draw a War from *France* or *Spain*,
 They all agree with one entire Consent,
 If any such shou'd be, to guard your Crown,
 And Royal Person, with their whole Estates and Lives;
 But such fond Fears are held impossible;
 For they can ne're hurt *England* but by Her,
 And all such Dangers at her Death will vanish.

Qu. E. This then's the Commons Resolution?

Dav. With which the Lords do with one Voice concur.

Qu. E. Is this their Answer to their Sovereigns Tears?
This all the kindness that two Queens can beg?

Dav. All fixt and firm as Fate they are resolv'd,
Like Rocks to stand the Tempest of vain Pity;
Since to deny you this, is to be Loyal.

To your most sacred Majesties Request,
And to assuage the Tyrant Mercy in your Bosome,
No other Answer we cou'd get but this.

They bid us humbly offer to your thinking

A Proverb no less true to be observ'd,

Than what was said of *Conradine of Sicily*,

And *Charles of Anjou*, Rivals in a Crown.

Which is — **The Death of Mary, is the Life**

Of Queen Elizabeth; the Life of Mary,

The Death of Queen Elizabeth.

Qu. E. Hear you immortal and avenging Powers!

Are Kings Vicegerents of your Rule on Earth?

Breath's the rich Oyl yet fragrant on our Brows!

And are we thus obey'd? There are but two

Main Attributes, which stamp us like your selves,

Mercy and sole Prerogative, and those

Daring and saucy Senates wou'd deny us.

Why Heav'n! that gave my Ancestors a Crown,

Power uncontroll'd as any King cou'd wish;

Yet let e'm lavish out so vast a Stock,

Then Mortgage it, and put it in the Hands

Of such hard Usurers as these!

Cec. May't please your Majesty —

Qu. E. I'll hear no more —

Go tell your Masters, that their Queen is coming —

Give me my Robes, I'll instantly dissolve e'm.

I'll drive you from your Hives, your Sanctuary

To rail at, judge, and censure whom you please.

Asunder y're such cringing, fawning Wretches,

And tremble like the Fox before the Lion;

But let us touch but one amongst your Herd,

Tho' an Offender, then you roar out all,

And Priviledge is the Word, like a whole Kennel,

If one of all the Hounds but make a noise —

Hast, and beware, for I will Thunder bring,
Fell as a Woman, awful as a King.

[*Exeunt Cecil, Davison, and the rest cringing.*]

What have I done? with whom shall I advise?
Heav'n keeps at stately distance now, and treats not
With Kings, as they with Monarchs did of old
By Messengers of Angels, or of Prophets.
Inspire my Thoughts——Bid *Davison* come back;
And send 'em word that I'll not come to day.
Why incens'd Powers, have you decreed
So large a Road of Bliss to all Mankind,
And mark'd me out a Destiny so narrow?
That on one side I must be sure to err,
Or take my Sister's Life, or loose my own.

Re-enter Davison.

Dav. I come at your dread Majesties Command.

Qu. E. O *Davison*! thou art a man, on whom
I've shew'd rich Favours to adorn thy Person;
But thou hast Merits that outshine my Bounty.

Dav. O whither wou'd your Majesty!

Qu. E. Thou seest how thy poor Queen is tortur'd here;
'Tis vain to hide what thou hast Eyes to find:
How backward I am still to Cruelty;
How loth to drein the Blood, ev'n of my Foes.
Is there no way to satisfy my People,
Nor jealous Pow'r, but by my Sisters Death?
O speak, and call my Favours to thy mind!
And that on Earth there's none so curst as I.
There's none so wretched, but may hope for Ease,
But thy poor Queen has none. Now if thou hast
One spark of Comfort in thy grateful Breast,
O put it into mine!

Dav. I wou'd advise,
But ah, what Hopes can that Physician have
Of Cure, whose Patient throws away his Medicine,
And says that it is Poyson?——Lo, I kneel
To you the wisest, Charming'st Queen on Earth,
The perfect'st Pattern of those Pow'rs above;

But

But oh ! the more y'are good, in Mercy shine,
Heav'n seems more fixt to save such Excellence,
Which cannot be, but by the Death of *Mary*.

Qu. E. Vultures and Ravens ! Schriech Owles, Croaks of Toads,
Are jarring in that Voice——Fly from my sight,
Run Monster, Fiend, and seek thy Habitation,
Where such loath'd Vermine build their fatal Nests ;
Or sink thee into Hell, just where thou kneel'st,
Rather than that shou'd be——Rise and be gone.

Dav. This shall not fright your Slave from his lov'd Duty ;
Nor from this humble Posture ; no, unless
You take this Weapon in your God-like Hand,
And thrust it in your Servants faithful Breast,
And let out all my Blood that's Loyal ; yet
When I am dead, so well you are belov'd,
There's none of all your faithful Parliament, but wou'd
Thus kneel, implore, and hug the Fate that I had.

Qu. E. Be gon, quick *Davison*, thou fatal Charmer,
Thou subtil Mouth of the Deluding Senate.

Dav. Alas ! what Ends can your kind Subjects have ?
What private Benefit can they propose
By this Queens Death, but to preserve your Reign ?
Which is the All and only Blessing aim'd at.
Perhaps, when you are murther'd, or depos'd,
(As Tyrants subtilly best reward their Foes,
And cheat the People with the wholsom'st Laws)
We then may hope to climb to vast Promotions,
And heap huge Sums, if Covetous or Ambitious,
Or at the least, enjoy those Wealth and Honours
Which you with liberal Hands bestow'd on us.
Believe, Consider——

Qu. E. O *Davison* !

Dav. Remember too your Danger——News is brought,
That *Spain* has an Armado launch'd, so vast,
That o're your narrow Seas will form a Bridge
To let in all their Living to this Island,
With Iron Rods to scourge, and Chains to bind us,
And lead your Subjects Captives to their Goals,
In greater Shoals than *Balthazar* the *Jews*.
The affrighted People hasten to their Shores,

And

And scarcely can perceive a Cloud far off,
Darkning the Sky, and blacking all the Sea ;
But cry, th'Armado's coming.

Qu. E. Vain Reports !

Dav. Upon this great surprize and strange Alarm,
I heard it run in Whispers through the House,
And 'mongst the Lords that sate upon the Queen,
How this Invasion was for *Mary's* sake,
And that if you'd not Sign her speedy Death,
They must be forc'd to fly, or set up Her,
In hopes that when She Reigns, that prosperous A&t
May expiate their Crime in judging her.

Qu. E. Ha !

Dav. 'Tis most true — Can you condemn 'em for it !
Sign but the Warrant, stay the Execution,
And then, perhaps, your Subjects when they find
How much their Queen did condescend to please 'em,
May soon relent, and with submissive tears
Request that Life which you so long had begg'd
In vain of them.

Qu. E. I have consider'd ——— Write.

Dav. Write what ?

Qu. E. Write what thou wilt, write any thing,
A Warrant for Queen *Mary's* Execution ———
Queen did I say ?

Dav. O all good Angels bless you ! [Taking Pen and Paper.]
Young Infants that y'ave now redeem'd from slaughter,
Shall live to the full Age of Man, and sing [Davison writes.]
Your Praise.

Qu. E. Did I say Queen ?
Shall this fell Hand of curst *Elizabeth*,
Condemn to dye her Cousin, and a Queen ! ———
Dispatch, and let thy hand fly o're the Paper.
Swift as thy Quill were on an Eagles wing ;
For if thou giv'st my Thoughts one Moments Pause,
The Eloquence of Angels can't reprieve 'em.
Write, write, no matter how, if foul the better,
Foul as the Fact I am about to do.

Dav. See, I've already done.

Qu. E.

Qu. E. Quick, give it me.
To Our Lieutenant of the Tower, Commanding
That the next Morning after sight of this,
You shall deliver to the Sheriffs of London,
The Body of your Prisoner Mary Stewart——
 Ah cruel *Davison*! when thou cam'st here,
 Why for her Name did'st thou not write a Blot,
 Or blot it with a Tear?

[*Queen takes the War-
rant and reads.*

[*Reads.*

To be beheaded

Upon a Scaffold fix'd without the Tower.

[*Reads.*

To this I must subscribe Elizabeth;
 O ye dread Powers and Saints that intercede
 For Kings before the gawdy Throne, and must I!——
 Quick, give my raving thoughts no time for Reason;
 But thou successful Devil put the Pen
 Into my Hand, and Hell into my Bosom.

Dav. Consider that it is of no more force
 Than Testaments, that may at any time,
 The Party living, be revok'd or null'd.

[*Queen Signs it.*

Qu. E. There, there it is; but then as sick Men loth
 To make their Wills, and leave their dear Estates
 To their glad Heirs, behold, I give it thee——
 Yet stay, be sure thou keep'st it as thou wou'd'st
 Thy Flesh from Racks, and Soul from being damn'd,
 Not as the Life of *Mary*, but thy Queen:
 Think when I put into thy Hands this Paper,
 I pawn my Peace on Earth, and Rest above.
 That Moment when thou parts with it to Any,
 Heav'n send as many Curses on thy Head,
 As *Ægypt's* Plagues, to scourge thee when th'art dead.

[*Exit Queen Elizabeth.*

Dav. The Deed is done at last, but forc'd from her
 With greater Art than Virgins made to yield,
 Wh'are loth to part with what they long to grant,
 Till ravish'd from them.

Enter Morton and Cecil.

Cec. Hast thou got the Paper?

Dav. 'Tis in my hand.

Mor.

Mor. Victorious *Davison*!

Eternal Ages shall adore thy Statue,
And wise Historians when this Deed they note,
Shall lift thy Name amongst the Stars for this.

Cec. Giv't me.

Dav. But had you heard what Execrations——

Cec. O 'tis no matter! our's be all the blame.
We'll carry to the Joyful Council This.
To morrow She shall dye, and the Queen rest,
When this hugg'd Cancer's parted from her Brest.

[*Exeunt.*

Queen Mary discover'd kneeling, with a Book in her Hand, her Women kneeling by her. Enter Dowglass and all her Men-Servants.

Dow. Behold her kneeling——O y'immortal Powers!
If Powers there are so good, so mild as She,
Send Hosts of Cherubs down to waft those Sighs.
Sure all the World's remember'd in thy Prayers,
And in those Tears thy guilty Foes are wash'd.

Qu. M. Come all of you, draw near—how goes the Day?

Dow. The Sun is ris'n, whose setting you'll ne'er see.

Qu. M. Perhaps I've but an hour of Life, and that's enough;
The Distance up to Heav'n, tho' it seems great,
Yet 'tis so nigh, and Mercy flies so fast,
That in less while than swiftest Lightning falls,
It saves the poor Delinquent at the bottom,
That has been Ages tumbling to Damnation.

Dow. O ye dread Powers! ye sovereign Guard of Kings!
Must that bright Head be snatch'd off by an Ax?
Upon whose Brow's a Crown, a sacred Crown,
Just Heav'n!

Qu. M. What matter is it how we dye?
When dead, w'are all the same——there's no distinction
Betwixt a Prince that on his Gorgeous Bed
Gives up a pamper'd Ghost, and Me upon
A Scaffold, and with that impartial Judge
That holds the equal, steady Beam of Justice,
A Crown weighs light with Virtue in the Ballance.

Dow. How do you? and how bears that precious heart
Th'expected moment of its Body's Fate?

K

Qu. M.

Qu. M. Ne're better ; for my Maids can bear me witness,
 I laid me down to rest, and all the Night
 Slept like a thoughtless Infant in his Cradle,
 With Smiles imprinted on its lovely Cheeks ;
 And wak'd with Joy to dress me for my Journey,
 Like one that on a May-Day Morn sets forth,
 Pleas'd with the Beauties of the Lawns and Fields,
 And hopes to come into his Inn at Night.

Dow. O Miracle of Innocence !

Qu. M. Thou *Douglas*
 Art young, may'st live my Story to relate
 To men that now are Children in the Womb ;
 But *Melvil*, thou'st been long my faithful Servant,
 Hast into *France* and *Scotland* when I'm dead,
 There tell the *Guises*, my dear Cousins, and Son,
 Thou saw'st me dye in the true Faith I liv'd in,
 Not *Scotland's* Crown, nor *England's* Hopes cou'd tempt me,
 Nor nineteen years a Prisoner, to apostate ;
 Nay, nor my Life, which now I seal its Martyr.

Dow. O Saint-like Goodness !

Qu. M. Y've been faithful all.
 What poor Estate my cruel Wants have left me,
 Here is my Will, I freely give amongst you,
 Wou'd it were more, as much as you deserve.
 Nay, weep not, — Some few Trifles
 I will distribute with my own glad hands.
 Here is some Gold and Jewels in this Casket,
 Share 'em amongst you, and a Kiss to each. [To her Women.
 Heav'n bless you all — Here *Melvil*, take this Ring ;
 I wou'd not have thee ev'ry time thou look'st on it,
 But sometimes call to mind that it was *Mary's* —
 Poor Man ! his Griefs have cheak'd his Words — *Douglas*,
 Receive this Bracelet from thy Mistress Neck,
 And ty't about thy Rist — Go to my Son,
 The rising Sun from *Mary's* endless setting,
 And he'll take care of thee, and all of you.

Dow. Alas ! I quickly shall be past all Care ;
 This fatal Day hangs heavier on my youth,
 Than threescore years can do on *Douglas* Head.

Qu. M. I've nothing else to give but This, and this
I kiss, and beg that it be bury'd with me. *[Kisses her Crucifix.]*

And *Mary*, do not think it strange, that thou
A soveraign Queen dy'st by an Ax, and see
The King of Heav'n nail'd on a Cross for thee.

Dow. 'Twill not be long ere you will shine with him.

Qu. M. Give me some Wine — your Mistress here bequeaths
Her last kind Wilhes to you in this Draught.
I have no Friends, no Children nigh but you;
He whom I bore wrack'd from these tender Bowels,
Scarce blest his joyful Mother for her Labour,
With his first Infant Beams, but was by Villains,
Like little *Romulus*, from this Bosome torn,
And nurs't with Wolves; wherefore, my dearest Friends,
My faithful, suffering, mourning, weeping Servants!
Your Queen, your Mistress drinks to all of you;
And all Revenge and Malice bury'd be
In this kind Bowl, as is this Wine in me.

*[Drinks kneeling, they
all kneel while she
drink.]*

Dow. Behold they're come to fetch you.

Qu. M. They are welcome.

Enter Cecil, Morton, Lieutenant of the Tower, Guards.

My Lord, I have expected you with Joy,
You find me like a cheerful, longing Bride.
Must you conduct me to my Bride-Groom Death?

Cec. Alas! I must,

Qu. M. Has the Queen sent no Message?
No word of Farewel to her dying Cousin?

Cec. Something She wou'd have said, but burst in Tears,
Whilst with a Groan her tortur'd Speech expir'd,
And only cry'd, O *Mary*! and no more.

Mor. Madam, I kneel, in hopes that you'll forgive me.

Qu. M. Thou'st done no ill to me, but as thy Nature.
A Wolf can do but as a Wolf — Thou hast it;
Tho Heav'n thy cursed Crimes may ne're forgive,
But make my Son revenge his Fathers Murther,
Which thou too surely did'st, and laid the Stain
On me.

Enter Davison in haste.

Dav. My Lord, I've News ;
Just now's arriv'd from *Scotland*, *Patrick Gray*
With Letters to the Queen, which have disturb'd her ;
But more, my Lord, she seems incens'd at you. [To Morton.
I wish this Execution had been done,
Or not to do.

Cec. We've gone too far already
To think of going back.

Dav. Room for the Queen.
Madam, 'tis fit you send back all your Servants,
The Scaffold will be crowded else.

Qu. M. The Queen my Sister cannot be so cruel.
Shall this chaste Body (which great Princesses
Have kneel'd to dr's and undress'd) be expos'd
And made a common Spectacle,
To be prophan'd by ev'ry Villains Sight ?
And none of all my Servants be allow'd
To weep and close my Eyes when I am dead ?
Which these poor Wretches all would thank you for.

Cec. Madam, tho' contrary to Orders, you may take
Two of your Women-Servants and two Men,
Which you'll be pleas'd to choose.
Now have you ought for us to tell the Queen ?

Qu. M. I have but one Request, that She'll permit
My Friends to bear my Body into *France*,
There to be buried with my Ancestors
Of *Lorraine*, whence my Mother was descended :
For *Scotland*, thou that never gav'st me quiet
When I was living, ne'er shall rest me dead.

Dav. On then——make way there.

Qu. M. Come near, and you two take me by the Hands ;
For to the last I wou'd with decent Form,
Tho' little Port, retain the Majesty
Of what I am, the rightful Queen of *Scotland*,
Queen Dowager of *France*, and *Englands* Heiress,
A glorious Shine of Titles that shou'd like
The Lamberent Beams about the Heads of Angels,

Protect a Crown——

Weep not, but take me thus as you have seen [Melvil and her Physician take her by
Your now expiring, then your Blooming Queen, *each hand.*
Brought by two Monarchs to the Dauphins Arms,
Adorn'd with all Lov's Pride and all Lov's Charms,
So lead me to the Place where I may gain
Immortal Pleasures, and immortal Reign.

[Exit Queen Ma. to Execution, manent Morton and Dowglas.]

Mor. Why dost thou weep and grovel on the Floor?

Dow. Traitor! because I will not herd with Man.

'Tis happier thus to crawl like Snakes and Toads,
Than live and have a Face erect like thee.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Attendants and Guards.

Qu. E. Speak Morton, Villain, Traytor to thy Sovereign!
Yet give me Comfort, and I'll pardon all——
Where is the Queen? say, is my Sister well?
Where is she?

Dow. Dead e're this upon the Scaffold.

Qu. E. Now which will swiftest run to save both Queens?
Fly fleetest than the rushing thought, and he
That from the lifted Ax the Dove can save,
Shall be my King, and I will be his Slave——
Vanish, a Kingdom's thy Reward.
Seize on that Fiend, for pitying Heav'n at last,
Has brought to light that he did murder Darnly.
Bind him in Chains, and in an Iron Cage,
Let him be sent to Scotland to be tortur'd.

[Exit Morton
dragg'd away.]

Re-enter Cecil and Davison.

Cec. Madam, I wish the loss of both our Lives
Cou'd save the Queen's, or mediate our Offence,
If you shall think it one; for she is dead.

Qu. E. How cou'dst thou be so false and curst a Villain?
What boot's the Thunder now, the Bolts of Kings, [To Davison.
Which Traitors fear no more than Summers Hail,
Else why art thou alive?
And why dy'd Mary so? But I'me the Cause.

Tear

Tear then these Locks, dig out these cruel Eyes;
 Gape wide the Center; open Earth and hide me;
 For Hell does yawn, and Heav'n denies to take me. [Falls down on
 Give me a Sword, a Dagger, or quick Poyson — the Floor.
 No, fetch the Ax, the horrid Ax, kind Cecil,
 The Ax just reaking with my Sisters Veins,
 And lop this hated Member from my Body,
 This bloody, cruel Hand that sign'd her Death.

Cec. O calm your Bosom, let no rage molest
 Your quiet Spirit in it's God-like Mansion.

Qu. E. Hark how the World proclaims my Guilt already;
Christians and *Pagans*, all will now rejoyce,
 That the long shining, fear'd and spotless Reign
 Of fam'd *Elizabeth* is set in Night;
 That *England's* stain'd, its Maiden Monarch stain'd,
 Stain'd, stain'd, like banisht *Cain* for ever mark'd,
 Immortally, eternally is stain'd —
 Remove that Vulture from my Sight, and since
 Death cannot reach him, the Star-Chamber shall,
 Strip him of all his borrow'd Plumes, and leave him
 As naked as he came into the World.

Dav. Long may you live, till Heav'n at last make known
 The Good that I've so ill rewarded, done. [Exit Davison.

Qu. E. Adorn'd with Crowns this Head no more shall sleep,
 But cover'd o're with Dust, for ever weep;
 No more on Down, nor Carpets will I rest,
 But in some Wild, or Den of dreadful Beast,
 Where undisturb'd by Traytors, Laws, and Power,
 I ne're shall think of Man, nor Empire more;
 With Wolves and Tigers rather Friendship share;
 For they by far the gentler Monsters are:
 Falshood from *Eve* on all her Race descends,
 False Kindred all, false Subjects, and false Friends!

[Exeunt Omnes.

Finis Actus Quinti.